

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

The Four Powers

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

America Discovers the South

GEORGE MORRIS

The Technique of Confusion

ARNOLD LUNN

Procession in Seville

AILEEN O'BRIEN

Why Science Won't Do

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

A Price on Your Death

CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

The Mountain Man

MYLES BYRNE

Is Mexico Facing a Smash-up?

WALTER M. LANGFORD

NOVEMBER, 1938



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THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

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CONTENTS November, 1938

PERSONAL MENTION	194
THE TASK BEFORE US . . . Theophane Maguire, C. P.	195
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT	196
THE FOUR POWERS Douglas Woodruff	199
AMERICA DISCOVERS THE SOUTH . . . George Morris	203
A PRICE ON YOUR DEATH . . . Charles R. Rosenberg, Jr.	206
THE TECHNIQUE OF CONFUSION . . . Arnold Lunn	209
WHY SCIENCE WON'T DO . . . Richard Dana Skinner	213
PROCESSION IN SEVILLE Aileen O'Brien	215
INHERITANCE Hilaire Belloc	219

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

A TRIP ON THE RIVER James Lambert, C.P.	221
SOME PORTRAITS OF MY FLOCK . . . Dunstan Thomas, C.P.	224

WOMAN TO WOMAN Katherine Burton	227
THE MOUNTAIN MAN—Fiction Myles Byrne	228
DIES IRAE—Poem Michael Kenny, S.J.	232
SIGN-POST: Questions and Letters	234
IS MEXICO FACING A SMASH-UP? . . . Walter M. Langford	241
CATEGORICA	245
BOOKS	248
GEMMA'S LEAGUE—ARCHCONFRATERNITY	256

PERSONAL MENTION



Douglas Woodruff

• **DOUGLAS WOODRUFF** has been editor of *The Tablet*, London, since 1936. He was for ten years a leader-writer in the foreign department of *The Times*. Born in 1897, he was educated at New College, Oxford, where he took first class honors in history, and was President of the Oxford Union. In 1924-25 he visited the United States, together with Christopher Hollis and Malcolm MacDonald,

present Secretary for the Colonies, on an extended debating tour through the American universities. After that tour he wrote the best known of his books, *Plato's American Republic*. His article on *The Four Powers*, an enlightening discussion on recent historic happenings in Europe, is his first contribution to *THE SIGN*.

• **DOMESTIC** difficulties in our neighboring country south of the Rio Grande raise the question, *Is Mexico Facing a Smash-up?* **WALTER M. LANGFORD**, who attempts an answer in his article this month, is associate Professor of Spanish at the University of Notre Dame. He has spent several summers in the country of which he writes. A Master's degree was conferred on him by the National University of Mexico. The author and his family are residents of South Bend, Indiana.

• **NO STRANGER** to our pages is **ARNOLD LUNN**. Known as a devotee of skiing, he has become even more prominent, since his conversion in 1933, as a Catholic apologist. Early literary interests at Oxford prepared him for self-expression in such works as *The Flight From Reason*, *Now I See, A Saint in the Slave Trade*. His current article, *The Technique of Confusion*, is a valuable exposition of Communism's changing and deceptive formula to reach its goal. This discussion will be one of the chapters in his new book, *The Science of World Revolution*.

• **RECENTLY** returning from Spain to the United States, **AILEEN O'BRIEN** paints another of her fascinating pictures of the Spanish people in describing a *Procession in Seville*. She is again available for lectures on the Spanish situation which she knows so well.

• **AT THE** National Conference of Catholic Charities—

Richmond, Va., **GEORGE MORRIS**, a newspaperman of wide experience and now Washington correspondent of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, minced no words in presenting the problems of the South. In *America Discovers the South* he exposes conditions to which a reasonable remedy can be applied. He writes from a first-hand knowledge of a subject which is now engaging the attention of the entire nation.

• **RICHARD DANA SKINNER** returns to our pages with a pertinent and forceful theme, *Why Science Won't Do*. Incidentally his treatment reveals one more of the varied interests of a man who is well known as a financier, an historian and a literary and dramatic critic.

• **SOME WEEKS AGO** a cable from Hunan announced that further information on the refugee situation there had been mailed to *THE SIGN*. Understandable delays in the mail, because of the war, have left us without these details as we go to press. Meanwhile we present two accounts of mission work from the pens of **FR. DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.** and **FR. JAMES LAMBERT, C.P.**



Walter Langford

• **MYLES BYRNE**, a newcomer to *THE SIGN* and—we believe—to American readers, describes himself as a banker by occupation, a countryman by inclination. Educated by the Christian Brothers in Limerick and by the Oblate Fathers, he distinguished himself in English literature and Church history. His hobbies are fishing and shooting, the outdoor sports which, he claims, teach humility and patience. Home, to him, is Cúl na Greine, Ardleman, where a man may strike a salmon in the heel of the evening and land him—if he is able. You will find the freshness and drama of Ireland's hills during "the trouble" in the author's story, *The Mountain Man*, and you will want to read more from his pen.

• **THE TRAGIC TOLL** of life taken in automobile and other accidents has its financial side. This is discussed plainly by **CHARLES R. ROSENBERG** in his current article, *A Price Upon Your Death*.

Mr. Rosenberg has appeared several times in the pages of *THE SIGN*. A graduate of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, he taught for some time. Admitted to the bar in 1927, he has divided his time between the practice of law and writing for magazines.



Myles Byrne

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



The Task Before Us

THE danger of impending war in Europe seems for the present to have passed, even though the armament race continues. While the threat of conflict lay like a shadow across the world, all other problems lost their proper stature. Now, with the promise of at least temporary peace, our own domestic difficulties loom above us again.

These difficulties are real. They are urgent. Some are of gigantic proportions. They have been with us so long that they are quite familiar. They are not, for that reason, less formidable. They cannot be ignored because they are not imaginary problems from a textbook. They represent the multiplied individual difficulties of business men who have failed, of toilers who can no longer find work, of the underpaid, the undernourished and the evicted.

It is partly because these problems are so personal that their solution has been sought at times with selfish partiality or with a bitter spirit which admitted none of the claims of the other side. There is definite hope in recent developments which indicate a lessening of hostilities. Either because of weariness or because of wisdom learned in the long-drawn-out conflict, employers and employees, warring factions in the ranks of labor, government and business, all appear to be approaching a truce. The air still crackles now and then with accusations and recriminations, but there is apparent a more pronounced willingness for all who are concerned to get together for mutual consideration.

Political leaders will do well to put many of their party differences into the background and take advantage of this increasingly congenial atmosphere. The task of course cannot be performed by statesmen alone. An entire nation is affected and so an entire nation must swing into action. The people of the United States have learned pretty well by this time that the passing of laws is not a cure-all for a country's social, economic and financial ills.

BUSY with the forthcoming elections, Congressmen should not lose sight of the major issues which are greater than party lines. Our Senators and Representatives should now be preparing to answer honestly, and as speedily as possible, these most urgent questions. Are our taxes so directed that they are penalizing business to the point of threatened extinction? Is our monetary system so controlled that a few can hold the purse strings of an entire nation? Are our banks so restricted or so fearful that their resources freeze rather than help the flow of commerce and industry? Is labor getting the benefits of existing legislation and is that legislation being wisely and impartially administered? How can management and labor both make concessions (saving their rights) which will reduce quickly the ranks of the unemployed?

On the right answers to these questions and on the energetic corrections of abuses where discovered depend not only the prosperity but the future of this nation. These questions involve big and small business, pay checks, homes, food, health and, in some cases, life itself. They are not easy to answer. On the contrary the solution of these questions is complicated and involved. At times the issues they represent have been obscured by unfair lobbying and by pressure from powerful, selfish forces. This is all the more reason why intelligence and energy should be given unstintingly to clearing them up.

Differing as our people do in politics, in religion and in local traditions, they are all part of the nation with common principles, ideals and interests. Our first duty is to see that this heritage survives. Recent investigations have revealed that the so-called "isms," the imported theories which would undermine our country's cherished beliefs, are making headway. Attempts have been made to laugh off or to ridicule some of these findings by taking them out of their context or by belittling their importance. But the fact that such organizations have been formed and that some of their members are seeking or have obtained key positions of control, cannot be laughed away.

IT SEEMS to us that the lesson in such findings is not merely that vigilance should be exercised and punishment meted out. Our first and most intensive efforts should be concerned with plowing under the fertile fields of discontent, unrest, economic injustice, poverty and hunger in which such unwelcome and dangerous "isms" have been sown. Under existing circumstances it is not the armed force of a foreign invader but the desperation bred amongst our own people which can overthrow the nation. Men may be willing to gamble on certain things now and then, but the instinct of self-preservation urges them to hold on tightly to security once they have it in their grasp. Well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed, well-educated—they are not going to throw away all that they have for the promise of a new, strange way of life.

We shall always have with us sincere and insincere theorists, paid propagandists, professional agitators. These can and should be closely controlled. But the best defense with which this nation can provide itself will be the protection of its own people from hunger, slums, unemployment and all the unnecessary and unjust privations which grow to alarming proportions wherever social justice is not practiced.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **EFFORTS** continue in several quarters to bring about a reconciliation between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. The task is a difficult one and up to the present all attempts have resulted in failure. The problem is not insoluble, however, and we feel sure that with good sense and restraint on both

Catholics and the C. I. O.

sides an agreement ultimately will be reached.

To some, such an agreement is not desirable. It would greatly strengthen the ranks of organized labor and the voice labor would have in the economic and political life of the country. Many would view with alarm any such development.

There are some who think that such an agreement would strengthen the C. I. O. and perhaps give it predominance over the A. F. of L. and they fear the former as a radical group. The C. I. O. has given altogether too much reason for such fear. Its head, John L. Lewis, has shown indifference to the inroads Communism has made in his organization. There are many Communists not only among its members but among its organizers and leaders. They have been responsible for many of the abuses that have brought the C. I. O. into disrepute.

In spite of all this we must remember, nevertheless, that because of the C. I. O. there are thousands of industrial workers now organized for the first time. These men are receiving union protection which they never had from the craft unions in the days before the C. I. O. Without the C. I. O., thousands of these unskilled workers would still be at the mercy of heartless industrialists, victims of the yellow-dog contract, men whose labor would be bought and sold as a commodity. Certainly such a condition of affairs would breed Communism even faster than the C. I. O. It seems to us to be a matter of common sense for Catholics to get into the C. I. O. and to try to direct this movement according to the sound principles of Catholic sociology rather than to attempt to oppose it.

• • •

• **IF IT WERE** not so tragic it would be amusing to watch the terror of Britain and France at the resurrection of German military might. At the end of the World War

Hitler Over Europe

Germany, already bled white by the effects of four years of terrible struggle, was further weakened by the shackles of the Versailles Treaty. For at least a generation to come, it was hoped, Germany would be too weak to threaten again—and if she did she was surrounded by the iron ring of France's allies. The French army dominated the continent and the British navy the sea. Everything had been settled for long years to come.

To the original mistakes of the Peace Treaties was added others just as tragic as the years went on. In

Germany a democratic régime was set up after the war which sought to restore some measure of recovery at home together with peaceful relations abroad. With such a régime the democratic powers could have co-operated to modify the Peace Treaties and to make a settlement that would have been just and permanent. But they would have none of it. Led by France they were determined to keep Germany in a position of subservience.

At the end of the World War Germany was disarmed. For nearly fifteen years she waited for the members of the League to fulfill their pledges of disarmament inherent in the Covenant of the League. But while mouthing words of peace and disarmament the League members maintained and even increased their armaments.

It is not surprising that Germany became impatient—that she listened to the siren voice of one who promised to lead her out of the wilderness of the Versailles Treaty with all its restrictions, and who would restore her to her former place of equality with the great nations of the world. Rejected by the Powers who should have helped her and co-operated with her, Germany gave herself up body and soul to Hitler and his Nazis.

It is to the "peacemakers" after the World War and to their successors that we must attribute—at least indirectly—the rise of that madman, Hitler. And the irony of it is that it is this same Hitler who casts his shadow over Europe, striking terror into the hearts of those who but for their blindness and selfishness might very well today be living beside a peaceful, prosperous and industrious Germany.

• • •

• **WE HOLD** no brief for Germany, and above all, we hold no brief for the Nazis, who are directing Germany's destinies by the old sabre-rattling policy which the

former Kaiser found disastrous. But as we have said before, we Americans should know the facts. At the end of the World War the Allies

cut up Germany and Austria-Hungary into a jigsaw puzzle of new nations in an effort to ring Germany with a band of steel. Eastern Europe was Balkanized with the result that she has suffered ever since from an orgy of national self-consciousness. Now, in the face of a resurgent Germany, it is beginning to appear that German influence—if not German arms—will dominate this region to the exclusion of France, Britain and Soviet Russia.

Whether this will lead to war is not certain. What is certain is that we Americans are being bombarded with propaganda inviting us to join the democracies against the dictators. This propaganda is aided by our natural aversion to Hitler and the vicious system he

represents, but it is propaganda nevertheless and should be recognized as such.

During recent weeks we have heard much of the greatness and goodness of democratic Czechoslovakia. We heard little of the fact that for twenty years the Czechs used the democratic system to oppress and bleed minorities—especially the Germans of the Sudeten area. Hatred of Hitler should not blind us to the fact that the Sudetens are German and by all rights of self-determination—which we Americans hold sacred—should be permitted to throw off the Czech yoke and unite with their fellow-Germans in the Reich.

The recent radio address of Winston Churchill provides a good sample of the propaganda we are getting these days. According to Churchill, the difficulties arising from the recent Czechoslovak crisis present questions which concern "the English-speaking people in all our lands." In other words, we are politely invited to share Britain's problems in Eastern Europe. Again he says: "We have preponderant world forces on our side. They have but to be combined to be obeyed. France must start. Britain must start. America must start."

Yes, America must start. America must start recognizing for what it is and for what it is worth the propaganda with which we are being assailed.

• • •

• **THE** hegemony of Germany in Eastern Europe renders more acute the problem of religious persecution. As Germany extends her sway over new peoples and new

The Nazis and Religion

territories she extends also her policy of racial and religious persecution. A very high percentage of Austrians and Sudeten Germans are

Catholics. It was hoped that this in itself would tend to modify Hitler's anti-Catholic policy, but recent events indicate that the Nazis are but redoubling their efforts to destroy the Catholic Church in Germany.

The Nazi attack on religion differs from the Communist only in method. The hatred of both Nazis and Communists for religion flows from the same source—their totalitarian philosophy. Neither can tolerate the idea of a free Christian citizen, aware of his dignity as a man and conscious that he owes obligations to One higher than the State.

Hitler's anti-Christian policy is not one imposed on him by his advisers nor thrust on him by circumstances. Like so many other policies taking shape today it is foreshadowed in his book *Mein Kampf*. "For the politician the measure of the worth of a religion is to be indicated less through any of its deficiencies than through the value of a visibly better substitute. But so long as the latter fails to appear, that which is at hand can only be demolished by fools and criminals." The "better substitute" for Christianity is of course, according to Hitler, National Socialism, and it is this substitute that he is now trying by every means to force on the German people as their religion.

What the future will bring it is impossible to foresee. Perhaps it is wishful thinking to foretell that National Socialism will some day find its path to Rome. That it will is the opinion of a writer quoted in *The Tablet* of London: "Totalitarian National Socialism has so far not discovered any avenue towards a *modus vivendi* with Rome, but that it will never be found is unlikely. National Socialism is still young, and still intoxicated with the fumes of its principles. Once it grows ripe and mellow, it will undoubtedly find its path to Rome. It never happened otherwise in history."

Let us hope that the author is right.

• **THE** competent United States authorities recently refused admission into the country to Mr. John Strachey on the grounds that he is a Communist. Mr. Strachey

Communist and Not Communist

would have been very disappointed at any other course, as he had timed his arrival to anticipate by a couple of weeks the publication of one

of his books. The advertising value of the publicity he received was enormous. Mr. Strachey's protests against his exclusion were made with his tongue in his cheek.

Mr. Strachey's case is important only as a sample of the Communist technique. To allay suspicion and prevent opposition out-and-out Communists do not become card-carrying members of the Communist Party. This does not make them any less Communist or any less dangerous.

Mr. Arnold Lunn, in "The Technique of Confusion" which appears in this issue, discusses Mr. John Strachey. Mr. Lunn quotes the *Left News* to the effect that "In American newspaper jargon John Strachey would be described as Marxist No. 1." And Mr. Lunn adds very pointedly "Marxist No. 1 does not belong to the Communist Party. This is much as if the Pope, whom the *Left News* might describe as Romanist No. 1 were not a member of the Catholic Church."

In democracies with their doctrine of free speech, it is very important that the people know the true status of those who advocate principles and courses of action which are dangerous to the welfare of the country, whether they be citizens or foreigners. They should not be hoodwinked by facile denials of affiliation with subversive agencies, but should find out the truth about them. It is well to remember that "actions speak louder than words."

Miss Dorothy Thompson in her column urges that democracies, now so much on the defensive against Nazism, Fascism and Communism, should take the offensive. This is a very large order and has many implications, but what the people of the United States ought to do and have a right to do is to pull the false faces off those who under the protection of our laws endeavor to destroy our own most sacred institutions. Because we are democratic is no reason why we should be stupid.

• • •

• **WITH** a confidence inspired not by any encouraging precedent but by a conviction of its imperative need, the Catholic Book Club began its venture ten years ago.

Ten Years A-Growing

Even had they failed in their purpose, those who conceived the idea would have been worthy of praise for their sincere efforts. It is doubly

gratifying, on the occasion of its anniversary, to congratulate the Club on the success of its venture.

Service has been rendered both our Catholic authors, in opening up a larger market for their works, and the general Catholic public, in making available at a reasonable price the literary output of our outstanding writers. Those who were sceptical of the Club's efforts, must now bow to facts.

Though much has been accomplished, very much remains to be done. Our publishers and authors know that the reading habit among Catholics, now more necessary than ever in the face of anti-Catholic and paganistic literature, has not been fully developed. Not the appeal of necessity alone, but the record of its choice of interesting and informative books of quality, will assure the Catholic Book Club the continued success which it deserves.

• **THE** Catholic Church, as everybody knows, condemns birth control—the more accurate term is contraception—divorce, sterilization, abortion and all other attacks

Mr. Mencken Protests

on the human family and person, which moderns consider justified in view of certain conditions. Advocates of these measures emphasize as justifying reasons for adopting them, poverty, crime, "incompatibility," feeble-mindedness and whatever is considered to prevent good living conditions, public health and social welfare in general. Statistics are given which shock the citizen into believing that these modern expedients are necessary and even desirable.

Truly, some of these conditions make unpleasant reading. An instance is the address made by Henry Mencken in Baltimore, who declared in his usual forthright but extravagant fashion, that Johns Hopkins Free Service for the sick poor in Baltimore is "the most brutally anti-social agency ever set up" and practically "a raid on the public health," because the hospital offers its service in aiding mothers who are feeble-minded, alcoholic and syphilitic to bring into the world children who will perpetuate these conditions. Mr. Mencken generously admits that the hospital is "valuable beyond computation" because these people are human and something must be done for them, yet he protests that this very service perpetuates these diseases and consequently compels the public to shoulder extra financial burdens to keep in existence poor whites and negroes who are a liability anyway.

This is not by any means a new argument, yet it has a strong appeal to many people who don't regard these problems in all their bearings. It goes without saying that the Catholic attitude does not encourage anti-social crimes and diseases. The Church, too, desires to do away with crime. She, too, wants fathers and mothers to beget healthy children. But the Church, who looks at these problems in the light of a higher science than medicine or economics, or even sociology, teaches that improvements in man's temporal well-being must be sought in compliance with and not in opposition to the moral law. She says, provide jobs for the poor, pay fathers a living wage, segregate persons with infectious diseases, jail criminals. Instead of condemning the poor, try to improve their lot. Don't punish them for the conditions in which social injustice has placed them. Instead of punishment for diseases, try honestly to better their living conditions and the diseases will largely vanish.

• **THE** thing which makes man essentially different from the animal is the faculty of mind or intelligence. Both have sense faculties. In animals these sense faculties

Reason vs. Sentiment

are usually much sharper than the corresponding faculties in man. Man ought to rule his life according to reason and not sense because that is the way God intended him to act. Sentiment or feeling is a proper human trait, but it is dangerous and even disastrous to rule one's life by sentiment. It is especially when confronted with problems affecting man's true dignity and the real good of society that reason and not sentiment should predominate.

Recently in London, Dr. Alec William Bourne was acquitted by a jury of the charge of criminal abortion performed on a sixteen-year-old girl who had been attacked by an English soldier. Her pregnancy, according to the defense, was injurious to her "physical and

mental health." Therefore the Doctor was acquitted. The girl's condition naturally aroused the sympathy of the public (as well it might), but reason, if not disturbed and allowed to work in accordance with the most sacred laws of morality, should have dictated that murder—for deliberate abortion is murder—is a morally indefensible way of assuring the physical and mental health of the victim. Reason tells us that it is wrong to perform an evil act for a good purpose. The end does not justify the means, no matter how worthy or commendable the end in view. If it were morally lawful to use evil means to achieve good ends, the whole moral order of the universe would be in chaos. Incidentally the girl's condition was greatly exaggerated. Thus sentiment triumphed over reason.

• **NOVEMBER** is the month in which the faithful are more than ever made conscious of the doctrine of Purgatory. They pray for their dear departed relatives and

Doctrine of Purgatory

friends with more than usual fervor, that God in His mercy may liberate them from their sufferings, if they are in Purgatory, and bring them into the full joy of Heaven.

The doctrine of a middle state of purification after death is not an invention of pope or theologian, but a revealed truth of God. Not only is this doctrine supported by faith, but it is also most conformable with common sense. Surely, very few souls depart this life so free from sin and every human imperfection that they merit to be admitted immediately into eternal bliss. The Bible says that nothing defiled shall enter into Heaven. How could it be otherwise? On the other hand it can confidently be asserted that most people who die are not so evil that they merit eternal punishment in Hell. What then? They do not merit immediate admission into Heaven and yet are not worthy of being sent to Hell. Purgatory is the answer. It is a place provided by God where souls are cleansed from all defilement and made worthy of everlasting happiness. A departed soul which perceives its unworthiness in the brilliant light of eternity would of its own accord desire to be purified of all its stains. Do not those who are unexpectedly visited by respected friends hurry to prepare themselves to receive their guests looking their best? How much more so in the case of souls who wish to appear before the All Holy God? Nothing could be more reasonable than this doctrine.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's opinion of Purgatory showed that he regarded this doctrine as most reasonable. Boswell, his biographer, relates the following conversation with him. "What do you think, sir, of Purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics?" Johnson answered, "Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of the blessed spirits; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this."

He himself acted in accord with this doctrine, as he relates in his *Prayers and Meditations*. "I kept this day as the anniversary of my Betty's death, with prayers and tears in the morning. In the evening I prayed for her conditionally, if it were lawful." How empty and hopeless must the anniversaries of dear ones be to their survivors, who are not encouraged by this consoling truth which has always been taught by the Catholic Church.

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Leaders of the four great European powers at their recent conference at Munich. Left to right: Neville Chamberlain, Edouard Daladier, Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

The Four Powers

An Outstanding Authority on European Questions Reviews for Our Readers the Recent Crisis in Europe and Points the Lessons Which It Teaches the Nations Concerned

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

THE CONCLUSION of the Munich Agreement has been followed in all the countries of Europe by a general stock-taking. There is a realization that the catastrophe of a general war, which would have been simply a trial of strength and would have lasted, in all probability, for a very long time, has only been avoided at the last minute. There is, consequently, a readiness to go back over the path which led to such a precipice and to see what mistakes have been made and how differently outstanding questions can be handled for the future.

The unique position which Mr. Chamberlain holds in Britain at the moment is in part a recognition of his contribution over the last few weeks, a recognition that another man holding his responsibilities might not have broken with precedent, and might have been content to speak with dignity while events took their fateful course. There was much in the ovations and the cheer-

ing that was relief, but its deepest reason was not momentary thanksgiving. It was a recognition that at last a chance had come for arresting the alignment of Europe in two camps. Moments of international crisis take off the lid and reveal the effects of the speaking and writing of years, and public opinion in Britain today bears all the scars inflicted on it by the sustained, and rather unbalanced, propaganda which has been conducted, in the name of peace, ever since the last war ended.

That propaganda began as an effort to organize public opinion behind the League of Nations. With each year that passed, as the memory of the war receded, it became more necessary to dwell on the horrors of war, and it became more possible, as each year brought its harvest of scientific and technical improvements in the weapons of destruction. In particular, war from the air lends itself to a graphic fore-

boding, and, for the first time in English history since Trafalgar, war has meant for the inhabitants of the British Isles, not the dispatch of their red-coated infantry on expeditions, or the imposition of blockade by the navy, but something full of immediate peril. The long immunity is over, and the exemption of this one great power from that conscription which all the other countries of Europe take as a matter of course, was something which rested on being an island, and has lost its *raison d'être* today.

Beginning with the organization of the country to meet the threats of aerial warfare, a new conception of a necessity for national service is already beginning to make its way. There accordingly emerges in Britain a clear sense that what has happened is essentially a respite, that nothing took place at Munich which could justify any abandonment of the re-armament program. That program must be speeded up and

must include not merely ordering and paying for costly machines but training men in their use. But this recognition is accompanied by a recognition that several things have happened which are very hopeful for the future. It is a good thing that one of the most arbitrary and unnatural of the decisions taken at the Peace Conference nineteen years ago has been undone without a conflict. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was the direct heir of the Holy Roman Empire, that completely Germanic institution which gave order to central Europe, and held through the centuries of the Turkish menace Europe's eastern frontiers.

MEN who only saw Austria-Hungary in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, saw it as a power which had lost ground in the face of the new national feeling in Italy, which had been outclassed as the representative and spokesman for Germans by Prussia and the Prussian empire of the Hohenzollerns. When these men saw, too, that there was continually trouble with the subject Slav peoples on the Balkan frontier, and heard how the Czechs and the Poles alike nourished dreams of political independence, they concluded naturally enough that the Hapsburgs in Vienna represented an old and decaying thing, and that the future lay with the nationalities.

What such men, and they were important because as the British and French and American delegations they made the Peace Treaty, thought was not unjust, but it was incomplete. It was true that Austria-Hungary was a ramshackle empire; uninspiring, inefficient, and supported in its rights not by its own strength, but because it was in locked alliance with the German empire. But it was also true that the subject races were subject and the German race was dominant because the Germans were vastly more numerous and more capable. It was accordingly extremely unlikely that arbitrary decisions taken in order to keep the Germans weak would continue to enjoy authority once the Germans were strong.

Those arbitrary decisions were first and foremost decisions that the Germans in Austria must remain politically quite independent of the Germans of Germany. It was extremely difficult to see how the German Austrians were to live as a unit, when they had lost to Yugoslavia, to Italy, and to Czechoslovakia and Rumania, the territory which had been the great country of which Vienna was the chief city. But the attempts to make an *anschluss* were firmly

suppressed by the Allies at the end of the War, and down to the last despairing effort during Dr. Bruening's régime in Germany. Austria was told that she must be independent. She borrowed some money from the League of Nations, but ultimately she had to rest either on Germany or on Italy. They were her two great neighbors, and as she was not to rest on Germany, the Italians had to support her.

That was the reality behind the Fatherland Front in Austria. It was supported by strong elements in Austria, notably the peasantry and the Catholic Church, but what it really rested on was the Italian power. Italy was the real guarantor of Austrian independence, and Austrian independence was essential for the continued existence of Czechoslovakia.

The prohibition of an *anschluss* was integrally bound up with the decision that those other Germans of the old Austrian empire, the Germans of Bohemia, should be included in Czechoslovakia. As long as Austria was a separate country, Czechoslovakia had a very powerful natural frontier against Germany in the horseshoe of mountains which enclose the Bohemian plain. The moment Germans were in possession in Vienna that mountain frontier had been turned. They could advance northward from Austria across the plains into the heart of Czech country and could take the mountain defenses in the rear.

THE explanation of everything that has happened this year is in the events of the fatal year, 1935, when France and Britain quarrelled with Italy to maintain the prestige of the League of Nations. Early in that year the three powers met at Stresa, and their business was to agree to support Dr. Schuschnigg's government against the growing movement in Nazi Germany for the forcible incorporation of Austria and the Reich. The Stresa Front was formed because the Italians had then every bit as much reason as the French to want to see Austrian independence maintained. Austria was so much more important than Ethiopia that the quarrel would certainly never have taken place but for the pressure of public opinion on the British Government and of the British Government on the French.

But a peace ballot had been organized in England in the spring of that year, 1935, by the persistent canvassing of housewives at their back doors, perhaps thirty or forty times. An unprecedented number of signatures were obtained to questions so framed that they invited an af-

firmative answer. The chief of these questions was, "If a nation insists on attacking another nation, are you in favor of economic and/or military sanctions?" When Mr. Baldwin's Government was told that over nine million people had voted for economic sanctions and over six million for military sanctions in the ballot, they knew, as party politicians, that here was a wave of feeling which they must swim not against, but with. They manifested a new zeal for the League of Nations, but they manifested it, to the surprise and then to the rage of the Italians, against Italy at a stage when it was too late for the Italians to abandon aims in Ethiopia, which they had advertised throughout the near East.

IN THAT part of the world, where Italian ambitions are centred, prestige is a matter of strength, and strength is the only thing to which the populations of the Levant attend. The Italians, who could, perhaps, have been made to abandon, perhaps for some small compensations, their whole idea of expanding their colonies, if they had understood the consequences a year earlier, could not draw back by the time the British politicians knew that they must make a show of withstanding them.

British and French action in restraint of Italy did not go to the length of war, but it did go to the length of making the Italians apprehensive, and when they were, nevertheless, completely successful in their campaign, they saw France and Britain as countries willing to wound, yet afraid to strike, as hostile yet not really very formidable. Today men argue that Britain and France and the lesser countries, which voted as they voted at Geneva, should have pushed sanctions through to the end, even though that end would have been naval warfare and perhaps land warfare.

This reasoning is false. The Italians might have been robbed of Ethiopia. They would not have been destroyed. They would have remained forty million people under resolute and ambitious leadership, but they would have been more deeply set on revenge, more implacably estranged. But the hostility carried out to please the more ignorant and idealistic elements in British public opinion, people who only wanted to see peace in the world, and who could not be expected to be valuable judges of the methods by which peace should be maintained or pursued, did finally rupture the relations of France and Britain with Italy.

The unhappy French Premier, M.

Laval saw his work of Franco-Italian understanding all undone within a few months of his achieving it, and the last chance of re-pairing the structure vanished when the Popular Front came into power in May of 1936, with M. Blum, a Jew and a Mason and a Socialist, deeply hostile to Fascist Italy, at its head.

Two months later the civil war broke out in Spain. The French and the Italians espoused from the beginning opposite sides, and the differences of 1935 were inflamed into active antagonism. Late in 1936 the Rome-Berlin Axis was forged, and the fate of Austria, and with it of Czechoslovakia, was sealed.

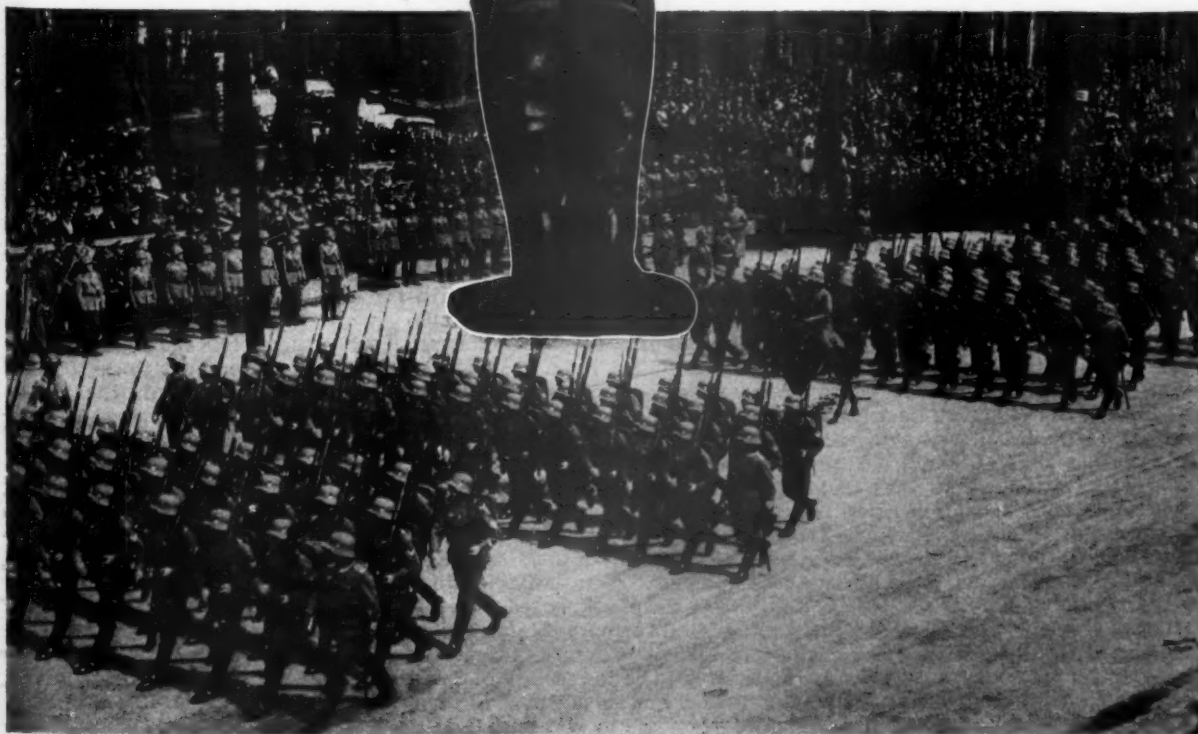
This quarrel M. Laval and the French conducted very half-heartedly, in obedience to the first rule of French policy, not to lose step with Britain. The British Ministers conducted it also half-heartedly, against their better judgment, and as soon as they had won an election on the strength of the League settlement, they attempted, in December, 1935, to settle with Italy on the basis of the memorable Hoare-Laval pact. Mussolini was ready, for the pact gave him the outlying territories adjoining the two Italian coast colonies.

The shadow of Adolph Hitler and of the military machine he has created in Germany cast a dark and threatening shadow over Europe

The Ethiopian Emperor would have been saved his crown and the Amharic territory of his own race. The common front in Europe would have been restored after a six months' rupture.

But the cynicism of Mr. Baldwin's Government in proposing such an arrangement within a few weeks of talking the full language of League idealism about resisting the aggressor to the end was too blatant. The Government rested on Conservative members—four hundred of them—who had been encouraged to make strong "League" speeches, and they did not see themselves explaining away the deal to their constituents. There was a back-bench revolt, and widespread condemnation of the Hoare-Laval pact, even in *The Times*. The British Government in an evil hour capitulated. The breach with Italy was not healed.

Three months later, when it was at its worst, Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland in the knowledge that such a breach of the Locarno treaties was safe while the other three signatories to Locarno, who should have helped each other, were at loggerheads. The French Ministers hurried to London and Mr. Eden, the new Foreign Secretary, sent a stiff questionnaire to the German Government. This questionnaire, asking the Germans when they thought they might be in a position to make an agreement they could keep, was



framed insultingly to make up to the French for Great Britain's unwillingness to take any stronger steps.

It was a mistake, because it made the Germans conclude that the chances of an understanding with Britain were remote just when it was particularly important for Britain not to drive Germany and Italy into each other's arms. Both Germany and Italy would have preferred Britain as their friend, but the autumn of 1936 saw them forging the Rome-Berlin axis, a very real alliance, if not an indissoluble or an exclusive one.

Through 1937, then, the Italians were busy in Ethiopia and in Spain. The Germans were free to maneuver in central Europe. What they planned and achieved was the forcible occupation of Austria. Mussolini saw this coming because Dr. Schuschnigg's Fatherland Front Government looked to Italy as its chief friend. But Mussolini could not support Schuschnigg while he was involved in Ethiopia and Spain and at the same time on bad terms with Britain. It was a gross initial error of the British statesmen ever to have let the Anglo-Italian quarrel arise; they should have used the legal language of the Geneva Covenant to remove Ethiopia from membership for notorious non-performance of its obligation to get rid of slavery.

It was a worse error to have let the quarrel continue. It was in May, 1936, that the Italians entered the Ethiopian capital. A year later, in May, 1937, the British Foreign Secretary was pointedly inviting the Ex-Emperor Haile Selassie to the Coronation of George VI. The Italians concluded that the British would not recognize the Italian conquest because they were biding their time to see it undone.

IN FEBRUARY, 1938, the Italians, knowing what was to happen, made it very plain that Austrian independence would vanish in a few weeks unless Anglo-Italian relations were put on a firm footing. In the event, Dr. Schuschnigg's attempt to free himself from the growing control of Nazi Germany precipitated the issue in the middle of March, a bare three weeks after the Italians had made their final appeal to Britain, and although Mr. Chamberlain had over-ruled Mr. Eden and opened negotiations. It all came too late to have any effect on Austria.

Men in England and America are accustomed to dwell on the need of dictators for periodic successes, a need which it is said makes them difficult to deal with. But equally to

the heads of an authoritarian state, not only to Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, but to Kemal Attaturk or to Dr. Salazar, one of the great imponderables of the time is the political system of a Parliamentary country and the knowledge that today in both France and Britain there is a political opposition, part of whose general program is opposition to agreements with Italy or Germany, primarily from a dislike of their form of Government.

WHEN the Anglo-Italian agreement came to be negotiated there were few points of difference, because both countries have the same necessity that the Mediterranean shall be a secure highway. What cannot be achieved by diplomatic action is a real establishment of confidence. English critics of the agreement hasten to point out that although Signor Mussolini was withdrawing the troops from Libya, who were a potential threat to Egypt and the Canal, he could reinforce the Libyan garrison whenever he chose. He was stopping the broadcasts to the Arabs which represented Great Britain's difficulties in a sharp and unsympathetic light. He could resume at any time. To which the Italians replied that though Mr. Chamberlain was anxious to make an agreement Mr. Eden was not, and how could the Italians tell upon what strange turn of English party politics Mr. Chamberlain might fall.

The extreme disunion about foreign policy in both Great Britain and France is one of the chief causes of uncertainty at the present time. It might be true that in the long run a country's foreign policy is determined mainly by geography, but that is only a half truth. In the Europe of today, which is seeing a warfare of doctrine, Spain has been the extreme example of this. The supporters on both sides have tended to lose sight of the Spanish element in the side opposed to theirs, and to be hypnotized by the quite real but ultimately subordinate foreign influences. The Communists, it must always be remembered, are much ahead of their opponents in the arts of propaganda, because they began long before them. Their golden rule today is to find out what people already care about and then espouse it with them. Having attempted in Spain at first to arouse enthusiasm in an international proletarian revolution, they have completely boxed the compass, and all their propaganda strikes a fervid patriotic note, and their aim is declared to be the freeing of Spain from a foreign invasion.

But they are now being thrown

back on the defensive. Prague was one of their great centres, and Lord Runciman, in his final conclusions, as a result of his mission of mediation this summer, has declared that the new Czech State ought to prevent legally the use of its capital as a centre from which revolution is to be fermented in neighboring lands, and primarily, of course, in Germany. France remains, by virtue of its institutions, the best hunting-ground for the international revolution. It was extremely noticeable, through September, that it was the ultra-patriotic Right-wing press in France which was the most ardent for peace and against attempting to carry out the treaty which bound France to Czechoslovakia. The Communists were in the van of the war party, and were most openly disappointed when no war came. For the first time their seventy deputies broke away from the Popular Front and voted against M. Daladier, but as he had the support of all the Right that did not matter. But their vote was a symptom that they are no longer leading a coalition but heading an opposition, and the French decisions to send an Ambassador to Rome, and probably to Burgos, mark the end of Communist influence.

OF THE four powers of Europe France has suffered most, and has had to retreat from the position of leadership in central Europe. Victory in the last war gave France that leadership and it has only been relinquished very reluctantly in the face of superior force. Writing in the middle 'twenties, just after the Ruhr occupation, his *Mein Kampf*, Herr Hitler might well conclude that the French would never voluntarily abandon the policy of keeping Germany encircled, and that German land hunger and the thrust to the East would have to go unsatisfied until France had been defeated in war.

In the event, the French have withdrawn without war. They can make themselves impregnable in the West, and are about to do so. Their one vulnerable spot is the western Mediterranean, which must be secure for the transport of their large African army. France vitally needs a Mediterranean pact.

It may be hoped that the lesson of 1938, that disunion among the other three powers simply profits Germany, the largest and most ruthless of the four, and that union between them can alone restore the necessary counterpoise to German preponderance in central Europe, will be remembered. Has that lesson really been absorbed?

America Discovers the South

America is At Last Discovering That the Problems of the South Are Not Those of the South Alone But Are Really Those of the Nation As a Whole

By GEORGE MORRIS

THE problems of the South are not new to me. I have learned them by sight and by ear. They are an old story to every Southerner. But lately the South has captivated the attention of the nation. According to some unexplained theory, nothing is true unless the Government says it is true. But even at this late date, we are delighted to learn that the South has been discovered.

There is an agency known as the National Emergency Council. The Executive Director of the Council is Lowell Mellett, formerly a newspaper editor, one of the ablest, and personally one of the most delightful. President Roosevelt asked Mr. Mellett to prepare a statement of the problems and needs of the South. "It is my conviction," the President wrote, "that the South presents right now the Nation's No. 1 economic problem, not merely the South's. For we have an economic unbalance in the nation as a whole, due to this very condition in the South."

It is not necessary to state that Mr. Mellett did an excellent job. With the assistance of Government experts and a committee of Southerners, Mr. Mellett prepared a statement. It met with practically unanimous approval in the South. The South accepted the blame as well as the credit. Even those Southerners who felt the report was unduly critical were so appreciative of a kind word that they were willing to overlook the injustice.

Mr. Mellett was content to report the facts and leave the solution to others. He was content to say that "the problems are not beyond the

Cotton picking affords employment to great numbers in the South



power of men to solve." He knew human nature well enough to realize that a million Americans will spring to an opportunity to solve any national problem. Some may have No. 1 personal problems, which they have not been able to solve, but they are the ones who are most eager to solve the problems of others. Solutions began to pour in by the waste-basket full. No two were alike, but all were guaranteed as sure cure.

There is, as Mr. Mellett wrote, no simple solution. It must be partly political, with the Federal Government participating with state, county, city and township government. But there must be participation, also, by industry, business, schools—and by citizens, north and south. These difficult problems the South is not able to solve alone. The South welcomes and pleads for help, but it wants help only with sympathy and understanding.

It is not a question of whether conditions in the South were imposed or self-inflicted. They require correction, not for the welfare of the South alone, but as the President said for the welfare of the nation as a whole.

I presume every social worker will agree that education is the only basis upon which lasting results can be expected. Therefore, the immediate need is to improve the South's educational facilities. Between 1933 and 1935 more than \$21,000,000 of Federal funds were spent to keep rural schools open. More than 80 per cent of the amount was needed in the South, where local and state governments were unable to carry the burden.

If that sit-

R. I. HESMITH PHOTO

uation were the result of indifference, I would agree that it is practically hopeless. But let me cite some encouraging facts. The proportion of productive workers to school children is lower in the South than in any other section of the country. In the South there are ten adults to six children. The average for the rest of the country is ten adults to four children. In other words, the Southern worker, whose average income is far below that of the worker in other regions, is required to provide educational facilities for one-third more children. I give you this additional thought: The South contributes a larger proportion of its total tax income to education than any other section. Population is increasing more rapidly in the South than in other sections.

The Farm Security Administration is helping worthy tenants to become landowners, improve their standard of living and become contributors to the support of the government instead of being supported by the government. Opportunity for social betterment is as great as the opportunity for economic improvement. Landowners are paid rentals and benefits to bring their incomes up, despite production control. Yet forty thousand families annually are becoming tenants and giving up the struggle to hold their land.

The South also has industries. Let me refer again to Mr. Mellett's report. It illustrates, among other things, how industry manages to survive in the South. I quote from the report: "The southeastern manufacturer sending goods across the boundary into the northeastern region is at a relative disadvantage of approximately 39 per cent in the charges which he has to pay, as compared with the rates for similar shipments entirely within the eastern territory. The southwestern manufacturer, with a 75 per cent relative disadvantage, is even worse off. The southern producer, attempting to build up a large-scale production on the decreased cost principle, finds his goods barred from the nation's most populous area. In marketing his products over the wall he is forced to absorb the difference in freight rates.

THE manufacturer in the southeastern or southwestern territory, with freight discrimination ranging from 39 to 75 per cent, pays the same price for raw materials. He pays the same for machinery and equipment. His taxes and other costs are approximately the same. If he is to remain in business he must absorb the difference. The only way in

which it can be absorbed is in lower wages.

Southern governors have filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission a complaint against discriminatory freight rates. They are asking for equality. It seems rather strange that one section of the country should be compelled to petition for equality with other sections. The Illinois State Federation of Labor asked permission to intervene on behalf of the railroads. The Federation wrote the Interstate Commerce Commission a revealing letter which says: "Wage rates and labor conditions of the South are very much below those which prevail in the North. A reduction in freight rates for manufacturers in the South would give them an added advantage over manufacturers in the North."

THERE is the explanation in a nutshell. I admit that the Federation is not concerned with low wages for its fellow workers in the South. I also question the sincerity of its pious expression of interest in northern industry. But one thing is clear. The American Federation of Labor considers the Interstate Commerce Commission to have a responsibility to maintain wage differentials through rate discrimination. The point is well taken. That is what the Commission has done for years. I doubt if it was contemplated that it should exercise the function of keeping wages high in the North and low in the South. But the Federation of Labor reminds the Commission that it has always pursued that policy and demands that it be continued. I cite this incident so you may place the blame where it belongs. It is the Interstate Commerce Commission that penalizes the southern worker, and not, in all cases, the employer. We shall see, eventually, whether a rate-making body is to continue also as a wage-fixing body.

I call attention to another statement in Mr. Mellett's report. I accept it as correct. "The South lags in production of livestock, despite its wealth of grasslands. Its 20,000,000 cattle amount to less than a third of the total found on American farms; and because of the poor quality of many of them, the value of the annual production of cattle is one-sixth of the nation's total."

In that connection I quote from the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1938. "Any payment made under subsection B with respect to any farm shall be conditioned upon production of agricultural commodities to be consumed on the farm, and not for market." This provision was in-

serted at the insistence of the dairy lobby. This is what it means. Although ten million acres have been diverted from cotton production in the South, the farmer is not permitted to sell butter, if his cow grazes on the diverted acre. He is not permitted to sell beef if his cattle pasture on the diverted acres. The law intends that he shall not increase production of his cattle. He is not permitted to utilize his acres to improve the class of his cattle.

Let us assume that a hen, in disregard of the law, chases a grasshopper to the diverted acre and eats it. The hen lays an egg. The farmer's wife uses the egg to bake a cake for a sick neighbor. The egg was not consumed on the farm. Under the law the farmer should lose his benefit payments. The purpose of the Congress of the United States in inserting this provision was to prevent further expansion of cattle, dairy and poultry interests in the South.

Persons from other sections have marveled that people living in the Mississippi Valley, cultivating the richest and most fertile soil in the world, would tolerate deplorable housing conditions. It is not from choice. They crave the better things of life, the same as other people. But for 150 years the people of the Valley were victims of floods, such as other sections have never witnessed. The only protection was such as local interests could provide.

THE Mississippi River drains practically two-thirds of the area of the United States. With more than 10,000 miles of tributaries, the Mississippi, year after year, swept through the valley carrying away homes, live stock, barns and fences—to say nothing of the loss of human life. Landowners were taxed beyond their capacity to pay for protection against floods sent upon them from the eastern seaboard to the Rocky Mountains and from Canada to the Gulf. Not until floods in New England, California and other sections proved that floods are beyond the power of local authorities to deal with, was flood control accepted as a national responsibility. We have protection now. Since landowners are building for longer than a year and not until the next flood, they are building better homes.

I would not minimize the shortcomings of the South. I offer no defense for the Michigan lumber pirates who laid waste the forests, denuded the South of its hardwoods, and left ugly blotches of cut-over lands to mark their path of destruction and became Southern planters in the worst sense of the word.

A few weeks ago a group of Southern Senators met in Washington to discuss the plight of cotton farmers. I am beginning to get suspicious of the frequently recurring plight of farmers in any section. They suggest crises in Europe, where nations are always on the verge of war; or the Armenians, who are always starving. But there was one thing those Senators said that impressed me. From every section of the South, they said, people are leaving the farm and going to cities to get on relief. It suggests a social as well as an economic problem. Social workers of the nation will do the South a favor if they will find whether the urge is because conditions on the farm are too hard, or conditions on relief are too easy. Perhaps so much talk about the plight of the farmer has convinced him that his load is unbearable and made him willing to lay his burden down.

RECENTLY Charleston, South Carolina, was visited by a devastating tornado. The Government came to the rescue. It shipped 200,000 pounds of rice and 180,000 pounds of beans from Elizabeth, N. J. It shipped 72,000 pounds of fresh vegetables, cabbage, beets and carrots from the gardens of New York City. It shipped 1,800 pounds of butter from Chicago cows. (I have never heard of but one cow in Chicago!) As a matter of fact these emergency supplies were produced in abundance in the South. But they were bought in the North and shipped to the South. I have no doubt it was the economical thing to do. There must have been a tremendous saving in freight costs!

We should be delighted that the South has been discovered. But there are some things about the South yet to be discovered. There are rumblings of protest in other sections over subsidies to cotton farmers to pay them for production control, and enable them to improve the standard of living. The standard of living in the South is improving. It will take no backward step. The time may come when the South will respond to the prodding of its critics and turn to something more profitable than cotton.

The South can pasture dairy cattle eight months in the year. It can fatten hogs on acorns. It can graze beef cattle in pastures knee high in lespedeza. It can change the basis of corn production from quarts to bushels. It stopped producing wheat because the same acres planted in cotton would buy more flour than they would produce in wheat. Relics



Children of Southern sharecroppers saying grace before their scanty meal

of flour mills still stand as reminders that it can be done again.

When the Government refuses to pay the cotton farmer a subsidy sufficient to permit him to compete with foreign growers, the South will go into competition with other agricultural sections of this country. The farmer of the South has no choice other than to compete either with foreign or domestic producers. The South has defeated the major floods. It has no dust bowl. Entire counties in Mississippi have every farm house supplied with electric light and power. I have no doubt that the time will come when Madame Perkins' dream will come true, and people in the South will wear shoes.

There was no economic reason for manufacturing automobiles in Detroit; adding machines in Dayton, or tires in Akron. There will be good reason in the future for industry to locate near the source of supply of raw materials. Recurring strikes in Detroit suggest decentralizing of industry. Akron has sounded the warning. The town has folded up. Gads-

den, Alabama, is a tire manufacturing centre. One of the Firestone boys has moved to Memphis.

With 28 per cent of the country's population, the South provides a market for the product of every other section. The market is limited only by its income, for the South spends all it gets. Other sections, if they are wise, will see that the income is increased rather than diminished. It may not be said always that the hound is the southern farmers' only finished product, though I trust the fox hound of the South will never lose his prestige.

When the leaders of four great European nations met some weeks ago to decide the most momentous issue confronting the world, I believe they were actuated by a will to preserve peace. But I have the faith to believe the path to peace was made easier by the prayers that ascended to the Throne from the hearts of millions. I believe that the co-operation of people with Christian ideals will more quickly transform that section known as the Nation's No. 1 Problem into the hope of the nation.

A Price On Your Death

There's a Price on Your Death But Until Judge and Jury Determine Your Pecuniary Value There's No Way of Knowing What It Is

By CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

Illustrated by Paul Grout

WHAT would you charge to let somebody kill you?

Don't worry about it too much, for it has all been figured out for you—or rather, for the fellow who kills you. The price depends somewhat on where you are killed, but nowhere is it as high as you might think.

If a drunken or other reckless driver ends your life in Indiana, for instance, that sovereign State will charge your killer *not more than* \$850 for the luxury. That includes \$200 for hospital expenses, \$100 for medical services, \$300 for your funeral, and \$250 for administrator's and attorney's fees. If you're considerate enough to die instantaneously so that there's no need of hospital or medical services, your death will be something of a bargain buy at \$550. If you leave a widow and a retinue of small orphans who have to be supported, your killer *might* have to pay them as high as \$10,000—provided they have the funds and the endurance to fight him to a standstill in the courts.

There is always the strong likelihood, too, that your killer will be financially irresponsible—and to him your life is free for the taking. He is the well-known stone out of which no financial blood can be wrung, but that does not stop him from snuffing out your life with a car he'll never pay for either.

Indiana is no horrible example. Her laws fixing the price of a wrongful killing are as humane and as

liberal, on the whole, as those of her sister States. No matter how many children and other dependents survive the victim, the law in many States limits the financial redress for wrongful death to not more than ten thousand dollars—and rarely does the drunken driver or other killer pay top price. Some States, it is true, place no legal limit on the price of death, but limit or no limit, death is apt to be a rather cheap commodity in the courts. And the price tag on death is invariably lower than the cost of maintaining a maimed and crippled victim for life and his wife and children for long years of dependence. Instant death is cheapest of all.

The price of your wrongful death depends not only on where you are killed, but on who you are, your occupation, your earnings, your age, the state of your health, and how good a husband or father you were.

If you were sickly when you were killed, the price of your death is less than if you had been healthy. If you were sixty years old at the time of your death, your family will not get as much pecuniary compensation as if you had been, say, forty-five years old. If you were a section hand on a railroad, your family cannot expect as much for your death as the family of the railroad's president could if he were wrongfully killed.

Outrageous? A poor man's life is worth as much as the life of a man earning a big income? If that's the

way you feel about it, you haven't been keeping up with the court decisions by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, for instance:

"There are many elements that enter into the assessment of damages for the wrong resulting in loss of life. The deceased's age, his earning capacity, his dependents and their ages, his condition of health, his prospect of advancement in position and employment, are all elements to be considered. His contribution to his family is an important factor."

Incidentally, the court decisions in death cases are largely the result of legal juggling over the price of death. Your widow, let's say, finally gets her day in court and convinces a jury that your wrongful death means actual, pecuniary loss to her. The jury deliberates and reaches a verdict that your killer should pay her \$5000 as compensation.

First off, the attorney for the man who killed you will move for a new trial. There may be no merit in the motion, but long months may be consumed in having it disposed of by the court—months during which your widow and children may be in desperate need of money. Perhaps, in lawyers' parlance, she may be "softened up" enough by the delay and anxiety to take a settlement of \$2500 on the \$5000 verdict.

A drunken driver looking for a really cheap kill should, if well ad-



Accident



Hospital



Grave

vised, leave you alone and pick out a little child as his victim. Children's deaths are bargains everywhere.

What would you consider the price of the life of a healthy, six-year-old boy, your own or your neighbor's? In Wisconsin such a child was killed as a result of "wrongful act" and the jury awarded the father \$1800. If you think that a rather low price for a child's life, you'll wonder why the court found it excessive and reduced the award to \$1000. There was no evidence, it appeared, that the child would have had a pecuniary value to his father after reaching the age of twenty-one years. Emphasis, please, not on the loss of life and the agony of the parents, but on "pecuniary value."

How much is a thirty-two-year-old husband and father worth to his wife and two minor children? Such a man, in good health and earning \$100 a month was killed by "negligence" in Louisiana. The verdict was for \$30,000. It was declared to be excessive and cut in half. The widow got \$5000 and each of the children got the same amount. If he had earned more, presumably they would have been entitled to more. The legal theory is that all they lost was that part of the \$100 a month income which the deceased used for their maintenance.

Better be a good provider if you expect your surviving relatives to get a good price for your death. Yet, even though you provide generously for your wife or children or parents, according to your means, their pecuniary compensation for your death will be small if they are well on in years when you are killed. Even if you had lived, you would not have provided for them beyond the duration of their respective life expectancies, says the law.

Take, for instance, the case of the woman whose brother was killed. The jury awarded her \$1500, but the court said it was excessive. The evi-

dence indicated that in one year the deceased brother gave her \$37. Now, assuming \$37 as his annual contribution to her support and taking into consideration her age, the court pointed out that \$1500 represented nearly twice the present value of \$37 a year during the sister's life expectancy. So why should she get all that money just because somebody had killed him?

Computing the price of a victim's death involves insurance figuring—in reverse English. If you buy a life insurance policy, the older you are, the higher the premium rate. It's just the opposite in figuring the pecuniary value of your death. If, at the time you are killed, you are seventy years old, you had only a few more years to live anyhow and your wife would have received support from you for those few years and no more.

If that sounds like peculiar arithmetic, it's not as dizzy as it sounds. Figure it out in your own case. Let's say you have a life expectancy, according to the insurance mortality tables, of twenty years. Assume you're contributing \$25 a month to the support of your mother. Now, if you are killed, your mother has lost an income of \$300 a year for a presumed twenty years. Ask an insurance man what lump sum will buy an annuity of \$300 for twenty years. The amount he tells you is, other things being equal, the present "pecuniary value" of your life—or death—to your mother.

There's a trick, though, in that "other things being equal." They never are equal—and that's why this gruesome arithmetic of death usually works against bereaved widows and mothers when they come to the harrowing task of showing the "pecuniary value" of a departed loved one. Your mother, for example, is necessarily older than you are. Her life expectancy, let's assume, is ten years. Then, says this reverse arithmetic,

she would have received the \$300 a year from you for only ten years, presumably. Consequently, she is entitled only to such amount as would buy her an annuity of \$300 for ten years. The lump sum which would provide a given annual income for a specified number of years is what the courts called the "present value" of the income. Perhaps you'll be wondering what happens if she outlives her life expectancy on which the "present value" of the annual income was based. Too bad—she wasn't supposed to live that long. There's always the poor-house—or relief!

You'd be amazed if you could foresee how carefully your habits, your health, your mode of life and your treatment of your family will be inquired into after you have been wrongfully killed. If, for instance, you imbibe hard liquor a bit too freely, your pecuniary value to your widow and children may be reduced by that fact. It worked out that way in a Minnesota case.

There, a man of fifty-three years of age was killed, and his widow sued for damages. When sober, the deceased had been a capable worker in his trade and earned a good income when employed. Yet, because of his drinking habits, he was employed only casually and for some time before his death had not contributed to the support of his family. The jury awarded the widow \$700 and—believe it or not—the defendant appealed the verdict as excessive. The court, however, could not see it that way and decided that although the deceased had not actually supported his wife for quite some time, he was nevertheless under legal liability to do so and the wife could have enforced support from him had she so desired.

Query: Is there any human life whose taking is worth \$700?

If you're intent on your widow or other surviving relatives getting



Destitution



Judgment



Pittance

some really important money out of your killing, linger awhile between the time of the disaster that causes your death and the moment of death itself—and while lingering, suffer intensely. Don't shirk on the suffering; that's where the extra money is. In the following cases special allowance was made in the award for the pain and suffering of the deceased before death. All were appealed as excessive but sustained by the appellate courts:

Victim was horribly mangled and suffered severe pain for seventeen hours before death, being conscious all that time; \$5000 awarded.

Twenty-five minutes of excruciating pain endured by the deceased brought his widow and children \$2250.

Twenty-four hours of intense pain in another case, however, was considered by the jury to be worth only \$1320.

Sometimes the victims do not suffer quite enough before death. As in these cases, in which the awards were reduced as excessive:

Lingering three days after falling down an elevator shaft was worth \$8500 in the jury's opinion, but the court cut the amount to—you'll never guess!—\$500! Well, poor fellow, he was only semi-conscious most of the time. It doesn't hurt quite so much when you're semi-conscious, so don't expect too much cash for that kind of semi-suffering.

A three-year-old girl's suffering before death was estimated by the jury to be worth \$1000. The court cut it to \$250 because the time of suffering was "very short."

JUST how do juries fix the amount for pain and suffering? Well, they're told to award what they think it's worth in the particular case. Of course, that's no answer. But don't heckle the judge about it. If all the judges who have acquired high blood pressure trying to answer questions like that, were laid end to end—the American bench would probably be denuded of the great majority of its shining lights.

Before you start figuring how much it would cost somebody to kill you, find out whether he would have to pay anything at all—even though he be a man of wealth. He won't have to pay anything unless you are survived by the right persons! In some States the killing of a person who lacks the particular survivors specified by statute, is free. You may find the idea hard to swallow, but it's the law in most American jurisdictions that there's no financial charge for the wrongful killing it-

self. It's the pecuniary value to survivors that counts, but that pecuniary value is restricted to those survivors whom the law "recognizes."

Most numerous of all wrongful death cases coming before the courts nowadays are those arising out of automobile accidents. The difficulty in these and, in fact, in all wrongful death suits for the widow and other survivors is that they lack the most important of all possible witnesses in the case—the dead man. Nevertheless, they must establish by a preponderance of the evidence that he met his end through the negligence or other wrongful act of the defendant. Not only must they prove the negligence or wrongful act, but they must prove also that it was the "proximate cause" of death, as the cases put it. The legal action for wrongful death, according to one authority, "can only be maintained when the deceased, if he had lived, could have recovered damages for his injury, and the same evidence as to the cause of the injury is required in a suit by his survivor, that would have been required had he survived and sued for the injury."

MEANING that your survivors will have to prove, hands down, every fact that you would have to prove if you had survived and had brought suit for your injuries!

Contributory negligence is the well-worn but ever-ready war horse of defense in death and personal injury cases. In substance, it is a claim that the dead or injured man did some negligent act which contributed to the fatal result. He was driving at a high rate of speed. He ignored the sign that warned of a crossroad. He tried to beat the other driver across the intersection when the other man had the right of way.

So why should the man who luckily survived the collision pay for the death of the man whose actions really caused it? In States where the law of contributory negligence does not prevail the so-called "last clear chance" doctrine is followed—and that's just as helpful to the hard-pressed defendant. The dead man had the last clear chance to avoid the accident and either did not recognize the dangers of the situation or, if he recognized them, decided to risk them.

That the legal and financial aspects of automobile casualties have become a major social and economic problem in the United States can no longer be ignored. As the special committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York puts it:

"Under the present system we are confronted with the spectacle of

automobiles which when improperly or carelessly used (often under the control of persons of utter irresponsibility) are menaces to life and property. We place it within the power of such drivers to kill or maim people, with the probability that there will be neither criminal nor civil responsibility for such wrong. This is one of the reasons for the shocking death rate in this country resulting from the use of the automobile."

Compulsory liability insurance does provide financial responsibility, the committee concedes, "but leaves untouched the evils incident to the present practice." Financial responsibility, in fact, tends to provoke litigation of death and personal injury claims. Commenting on this the committee points out:

"The possibility of recovering large verdicts causes many fraudulent claims to be made. This leads to unethical practices."

While the committee did not mention them by name, ambulance chasing, perjury of witnesses, the stalemate of medical testimony by flatly contradictory medical testimony, and the unconscionable distorting of the true damages, are almost inevitable results of the present chaotic legal system of dealing with death and injury resulting from automobile accidents.

LIFE, death, widows, orphans, suffering, legal technicalities—what man or men this side of heaven can fit them into a jigsaw puzzle of grief and tears and out of it spell a "pecuniary value"? Is it fair to ask courts and juries to do it?

"It is increasingly clear," says the New York City Bar committee, "that instead of the present haphazard and uncertain method of dealing with this problem, a scientific method must be found by which promptness and certainty will take the place of delay and uncertainty and the assessment of damages will be based on the nature of the injury and the loss of earning power determined actuarially rather than on the emotional reactions of a jury in each separate case."

"There is a growing opinion in this country that we shall have to deal with this problem as in the case of workmen's compensation, that is, by treating it as a social problem and placing it upon an insurance or actuarial basis, the cost to be borne by automobile drivers as a class."

In the meantime there's a price on your death, but until a jury determines your "pecuniary value," there is no way of knowing or guessing just what it is.



Earl Browder at Communist meeting in Madison Square Garden with Charles Krumbein, State Secretary for New York of the Communist Party

The Technique of Confusion

By ARNOLD LUNN

The Comintern Has Made Capital of the Readiness of Unsophisticated Liberals and Progressives to Accept With Equal Enthusiasm Mutually Exclusive Pronouncements

THE COMINTERN has exploited with consummate skill the readiness of unsophisticated "progressives" to accept with equal enthusiasm mutually exclusive pronouncements. The "Friends of Soviet Russia" are the most unexacting of friends. They applaud with benign impartiality the Comintern's policy of instigating civil war and the Comintern's program for insuring peace. They sing hosannas to the Comintern as the champion of democracy, and acquiesce no less readily in the Comintern's contempt for every principle of democratic government.

Admittedly bourgeois politicians often preach what they have no intention of practicing, but bourgeois statesmen are too timid to preach mutually exclusive doctrines. Lord Carson did not simultaneously assert that Ulster would fight and that Ulster would support a League against War and Sinn Fein. Mr. de Valera did not simultaneously demand independence for Ireland and declare his unshaken loyalty to the British Crown. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain did not demand tariffs in the sacred name of Free Trade.

There is nothing new in political inconsistency, but the Comintern deserves credit for being the first consciously to exploit the technique of confusion. The Comintern is the first to realize the full significance of the fact that by confusing the

issue it is possible to provide every potential supporter with something to his taste. The pacifist is impressed by their praise of peace; the revolutionary by their promise of civil war. Their crusade against Fascism appeals to the democrat; their contempt for democracy to the Left Wing intellectual. No political party has exploited with more striking success and with more superb impudence the political possibilities of deliberate confusion.

For this purpose the Comintern employs two methods. Communists are encouraged to blur the distinctions between things that are different and to invent artificial distinctions between things that are the same. The title of Earl Browder's book, *Democracy or Fascism*, illustrates the technique of equating things which are different. The implication of this title is that Communism is democratic. Earl Browder, of course, knows better, for as Secretary of the Communist Party of the U. S. A., he is engaged in the task of undermining American democracy.

Communists have been very successful in suppressing an important chapter in Russian history, a chapter which negates their claim to have saved Russia from Czarism. It is only the well-informed minority who realize that Czarism was destroyed by Russian democrats, and that it was democracy, not Czarism, which

was annihilated by Lenin. The first revolution, which was led by democrats, destroyed Czarism, and replaced autocracy by the democratic Constituent Assembly. The second revolution destroyed democracy and substituted dictatorship.

Trotsky records Lenin's complacent post mortem on the corpse of democracy. "The breaking up of the Constituent Assembly by the Soviet power is the complete and public liquidation of formal democracy in the name of the revolutionary dictatorship. It will be a good lesson." And Trotsky adds, "The further victorious development of the proletarian revolution after the simple, open, brutal breaking up of the Constituent Assembly dealt formal democracy a finishing stroke from which it has never recovered."

OF ALL varieties of Communist hypocrisy the most nauseating is this attempt to exploit democratic sentiment on behalf of the assassins of democracy. If Stalin loves democracy the kiss of Judas was sincere.

The effect of blurring the differences between things as different as democracy and Communism is less dangerous than the effect of tracing artificial distinctions between things that are similar. The armies of world revolution fight under different banners, but Communists, Anarchists, Syndicalists and Trotskyites,



ACME PHOTO
Communist display of the U.S. flag proclaims their new-found "patriotism"

however much they may differ on minor points, agree in their hatred of Christian civilization. Theoretically, Communists and Anarchists represent extreme poles of political thought, for Anarchism is in revolt against all authority, whereas Communism advocates an extreme form of State authoritarianism, but Communists and Anarchists agree in their determination to destroy the existing civilization, and in their conviction that this common objective can best be obtained by terrorism, by violence and by the exploitation of resentment and hate.

"The scientific concept, dictatorship," said Lenin, "means nothing more nor less than power which directly rests on violence, which is not limited by any laws or restricted by any absolute rules." "I shall arm myself to the teeth," exclaimed Proudhon, the founder of modern Anarchism, "I shall begin a war that will only end with my life."

Proudhon's disciple, Bakunin, the founder of Spanish Anarchism, was even more extreme. He insisted on

the uselessness of killing *wicked* people. "If you kill an unjust judge," he wrote, "you may be understood to mean merely that you think judges ought to be just; but if you go out of your way to kill a just judge, it is clear that you object to judges altogether. If a son kills a bad father, the act, though meritorious in its humble way, does not take us much further. But if he kills a good father, it cuts at the root of all that pestilent system of family affection and loving-kindness and gratitude on which the present system is largely based."

SYNDICALISM is an attempted compromise between State Socialism (or Communism) and Anarchism. The State must disappear, but its place is to be taken by a federation of trade unions. The organized workers are to control the instruments of production in their respective trades. Sorel, the founder of modern Syndicalism, was an attractive writer, and as the years passed the proportion of shrewd sense in his work steadily increased, with the result that

shortly before he died Paris was full of rumors that he had moved over to the Right. His famous apology for violence is far less extreme than Lenin's, but like Lenin, he was convinced that "Socialism could not exist without an apology for violence." But he adds that he had never shared Jaurès' admiration for "*la haine créatrice*," (creative hatred) perhaps because he was beginning to discover that hate creates nothing. Dimitrov, when he called for a "joint struggle of the Communist, Social Democratic, Anarcho-Syndicalist and other workers" implicitly recognized that the differences between revolutionaries are superficial, their agreement fundamental.

The Comintern is now engaged in the attempt to form common fronts, variously described as "Popular," "Democratic," "United," or "Peace," but it is not amalgamation which the Comintern desires but a temporary alliance of revolutionary sects, each of which nominally retains its independence, and all of which are to be directed by the Communist nucleus. The complete fusion of these sects must be avoided until Communism has triumphed, for as long as these sects preserve their identity the Comintern can incite Anarchists to violence and disown their activities in propaganda designed for foreign consumption.

The battle between Communists and Anarchists in the streets of Barcelona was exploited with consummate skill by the Comintern to encourage the illusion of a basic distinction between the different parties who were fighting for control of the Revolution. The champions of Red Spain in democratic countries were glad to attribute to the Anarchists the sole responsibility for crimes which even British Socialists could not easily defend. To the luckless Whites in Red Spain these distinctions appeared less important. If my house is to be burnt over my head it matters little to me whether a temple to Bakunin the Anarchist or to Stalin the Communist is subsequently erected on the site of what was once my home.

There are admittedly genuine differences of outlook between Communists and Anarchists, but the distinction between Communists and Socialists is artificial. The word "Socialist" is admittedly a loose label for many varieties of political thought, and it is therefore all the more important to define this elusive term.

The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* defines "Socialism" as follows:—"Principle that individual freedom should be completely subordinated to interests of community, with any deductions that may be correctly or incorrectly drawn from it, e.g., substitution of co-operative for competitive production, national ownership of land and capital, state distribution of produce, free education and feeding of children, abolition of inheritance." From the same dictionary I take the following definition of "Communism":—"Vesting of property in the community, each member working according to his capacity and receiving according to his wants."

Socialists and Communists agree that property should be vested in the community, and that land and capital should be nationally owned, but whereas the governing principle of the Socialist State is "from every man according to his capacity, to every man according to his work," (a principle which permits differential payment for different grades of work), the principle of a Communist society is "from every man according to his capacity to every man according to his needs."

But this distinction is artificial. No Communist believes in the immediate approach of the Communist millennium. Marx and Lenin insisted that society would have to pass through a long period of Socialism which might last for centuries before the State had finally withered away, and before society could accept the simple criterion of needs as a basis for remuneration. No Communist maintains that Soviet Russia has achieved Communism. On the contrary, the orthodox Marxist insists that Soviet Russia is passing through the preliminary phase of State Socialism. The immediate objective of the Communist and of the Socialist is therefore identical, the destruction of Capitalism and the substitution of State Socialism.

Admittedly few American and few British Socialists, and even fewer French Radical Socialists, are Socialists in the correct sense of the term. Many of those who describe themselves as Socialists fervently hope that the evils of Capitalism will last out their time. Socialists in the English-speaking world may be divided into an extremist minority who for tactical reasons prefer not to describe themselves as Communists, and a Conservative majority who for tactical reasons profess

opinions more extreme than those which they sincerely hold. It is difficult for the Left Wing politician to resist the steady movement towards the Left, or to retain his position unless he placates the extreme elements in his constituency. Such men are attracted not by the principles of Socialism but by the political advantages of the Socialist label. The word "Socialist" covers every variety of Left Wing thought from the Conservative Trade Unionist anxious to conceal his Conservatism, to the revolutionary Communist anxious to conceal his revolutionary designs. The use or disuse of the word "Communism" has always been determined by purely tactical considerations.

THE MANIFESTO of 1848 "was called *Communist*," writes Emile Burns, "and not *Socialist* because, as Engels explains, the word Socialist was associated with the Utopians on the one hand, and on the other with 'the most multifarious social quacks, who by all manner of tinkering professed to redress,

without any danger to capital and profit, all sorts of social grievances.' But 'whatever portion of the working class had become convinced of the insufficiency of mere political revolutions, and had proclaimed the necessity of a total social change, called itself Communist.'"

The word "Communist" has now served its purpose, and is no longer an asset but a liability. The Seventh World Congress of the Comintern resolved that "the word 'Socialist' should be henceforth adopted for use in public in preference to the words 'Communist' or 'Bolshevik.'" The Communist-controlled press is not only dropping the word "Communist," but is gradually shedding all Communist externals.

I brought back from the west coast two copies of the official paper of the Communist Party, *The Western Worker*, issued during February, 1937. The hammer and sickle are conspicuous on the title page of the paper. Underneath were the words, "Western organ of the Communist



The spirit of '76 in the rather dubious company of a Communist convention. The Communists are trying to sell the idea that Communism is twentieth-century Americanism

Party of the U. S. A. (section of the Communist International)." Another copy of the paper, published in October, 1937, had dropped the hammer and sickle and all reference to the Communist International, and underneath there was a new sub-heading, "People's champion of liberty, progress and peace." In 1935 the *Daily Worker* openly declared itself to be the "organ of the Communist Party of Great Britain (section of the Communist International)." This caption was the first casualty, for it disappeared in 1937, but the Soviet hammer and sickle were still retained. In 1938 even the hammer and sickle have vanished.

THE Left Book Club has been Stalin's consistent supporter in Great Britain. Its publications seldom deviate from the rigid party line. I have yet to discover in them any hint of Trotskyite heresy. Its first publication was a book by Maurice Thorez, Secretary of the Communist Party of France, and Mr. Harry Pollitt, Secretary of the Communist Party of Great Britain has praised the Left Book Club as a scheme "worthy of support." Its membership exceeds 50,000, and its annual income is in the neighborhood of 375,000 dollars. The Selection Committee of the Left Book Club is controlled by Mr. Victor Gollancz, Professor Laski and Mr. John Strachey.

In reply to an inquiry Mr. Gollancz informed me that neither he nor his colleagues, Messrs. Laski and Strachey, are members of the Communist Party. A reviewer in the *Left News* for March, 1938, however, informs us that "In American newspaper jargon John Strachey would be described as 'Marxist No. 1.' And the title would be deserved." In the same issue of the *Left News* Mr. Gollancz, the editor, sums up Mr. Strachey's views: A great mass labor movement cannot demand of all its members "daily self-dedication to the practical struggle. . . . Such dedication can in the nature of the case only be undertaken by a comparatively small corps of men." This group, so Mr. Strachey hopes, will "inevitably act as a kind of leaven," and Mr. Gollancz adds, "Mr. Strachey, rightly or wrongly, regards the Communist Party as the starting point of this smaller corps—precisely because it is Marxist."

"Marxist No. 1" does not belong to the Communist Party. This is much as if the Pope, whom the *Left News* might describe as "Romanist No. 1" were not a member of the Catholic Church. In a recent election in Scotland the votes cast for the Commu-

nist candidate exceeded in number the total membership of the Communist Party of Great Britain. It is easy to understand why "Marxists No. 1, 2, 3, etc." do not belong to the official Party, and why the official Party cultivates a discreet anonymity. The Communist Party conceals the names of its members, but does not conceal its membership strength, for the smallness of the Party reassures apathetic anti-Socialists whose opposition will only become dangerous when the danger becomes apparent.

Earl Browder is an expert virtuoso in the confusion of dissimilarities. He loves to represent Communism as "Twentieth Century Americanism." "We are the Americans," exclaims this lackey of Moscow, "and Communism is the Americanism of the twentieth century." And we are asked to believe that the Fathers of the American Revolution, those sturdy champions of individual freedom and private property, are the spiritual ancestors of the Americans who are working for a dictatorship on the Russian model.

The Spanish Civil War provides a classic example of the Technique of Confusion. The Comintern is aware that many British and American supporters of the Spanish Republicans still retain a faint prejudice against the pure milk of Communist doctrine. It was important therefore that the Prime Minister of the Republican Government should not be an official Communist, and that the number of official Communists in the Government should be kept as low as possible. This policy presented no difficulty since Spanish Communists and Socialists are indistinguishable.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1933, the representatives of Socialists and Communists met in Madrid and announced "only a Marxist régime would satisfy them." Caballero was never an official member of the Spanish Communist Party, but in an interview with Mr. Knoblaugh which is quoted in Knoblaugh's book *Correspondent in Spain*, he assured Knoblaugh that Spain would be the next country to go Communist, and that he, Caballero, would be the Lenin of Spain. During the period of his premiership Caballero sent the following New Year's message to Soviet Russia, "The proletariat of Iberia will try to follow the example of your great country."

"What is the use of liberty?" exclaimed Caballero in 1934. "Is not the State by definition an absolute power? Certainly we Socialists and true republicans are not going to be foolish enough to grant liberty if at the first opportunity it undermines

the foundations of Government." This outburst of candor is for home consumption. It was not reported abroad, and therefore did not disturb the serenity of those innocent people for whom a Spanish Liberal is a Latin variety of President Roosevelt.

Caballero was not a Communist. He merely confessed that it was his ambition to be the Lenin of the Spanish Republic. He had never joined the Communist Party. He contented himself with expressing in telegrams to Russia the hope that Spain would follow the example of that great country. "The trick," wrote *La Vanguardia* of Barcelona, "by which they (the Communist Party) do not appear in the Government with any greater preponderance than before is too naïve to deceive anyone." *The Times* correspondent, in an uncensored dispatch on November 21st, 1936, wrote: "Madrid is inundated with Moscow posters to which the Spanish captions have been set, plastering the walls, while the cinemas give endless series of Communist films."

AN EXAMPLE of deliberate confusion is the unreal distinction which Soviet Russia has attempted to establish between her own foreign policy and the policy of the Comintern, described in its official organ as "the general staff of world revolution." The Soviet Government has entered into many agreements with other countries in which they have undertaken in return for trade concessions to refrain from propaganda within the frontiers of the countries concerned. None of these pledges have been kept, and the routine answer of the Soviet, in reply to complaints, is to insist that the Comintern is an international body entirely distinct from the Soviet Government, whereas, of course, as Lord Snowden stated in *Reynolds Weekly*, the Soviet Government, the Communist International and the Russian Trade Unions are a trinity, three in one and one in three.

The process of Communist infiltration is not confined to political bodies. Communists are worming their way into youth associations, athletic associations and even into the Christian Churches.

In the course of a debate at Windsor, Ontario, my opponent, a prominent local Communist, announced that he was a Catholic. "I don't want to argue with Brother Lunn. I want to co-operate with Brother Lunn." But I do not want to co-operate with Brother Cain. There are times when "*Non possumus*" should be translated, "We are not Abel."

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"Airport," Aquatint by William Healy. Courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, New York

It is not so much the advances of science that count as the use we make of those advances

Why Science Won't Do

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

HOW does it happen that after four hundred years (if we begin with Copernicus) of matchless achievements in science, incredible increases in our knowledge about everything physical, and a complete transformation of the mechanics of our living, the whole world of statesmen, economists, bankers, industrial leaders and common-garden men and women is in abject bewilderment?

Remember that science was to "set men free." It was always a bit vague as to just what science would free them from, but it probably meant to most people freedom from the "chains of ignorance" or some such monstrosity. At all events, the scientists were cock-sure and spirited in their crusade for more and more knowledge, and perfectly certain of the vast bene-

fits they were bestowing on us mortals.

Yet suppose you ask the sociologists today how they would unscramble the problems of factory unemployment and mass security against depressions. Or ask the bankers how to control credit so as to permit recovery, prevent inflation, and, at the same time, make all bank deposits safe. Or ask the statesmen how to prevent economic clashes, high tariffs, national antagonisms and wars. Or ask the man in the street what he really knows about business conditions at this moment or about the future living values of his insurance or annuity arrangements. To all these and hundreds of similar questions, each concerning most intimately and terrifyingly our lives and happiness, you will

get a babel of conflicting answers, assertions and counter-assertions, doubt, confusion, and, at times, something dangerously near despair.

In short, you will find something even worse than the "chains of ignorance." You will find the newest and most vicious of all slaveries—the slavery to hopeless doubt of everything.

Yet science was to "set us free." What has gone wrong? Why, in everything that affects our barest human existence and survival hopes, are we no better off, and possibly far worse off than before science, as self-proclaimed liberator, burst upon us?

We can find the answer, perhaps, in one of the most amazing paradoxes of modern times—namely, in the scientific fact that the more we know,

the more we know that we do not know. It just happens that that is of the very inner nature of scientific exploration. It is an inescapable law of science itself. It is the sum and substance of the reason why science alone cannot possibly "set men free." It can only drive them deeper into what they now recognize as their increasingly profound conscious ignorance.

SUPPOSE we think of the first practical steam engine. We, let us imagine, who have known only horsepower, man-power and water-power, look with delight and glee at this incredible new source of energy, which can be belted to a loom or any other familiar machine. Our first cry is that it will "free" us from the drudgery of hand operation. Quite true! But what else will it do?

Do we know, in that first delighted glance, that it will change the face of the earth? That it will draw millions of men from self-sustaining fields into huge factory towns, make these men work twelve and fourteen hours a day at unsuspected new tasks, drive thousands of other men deep into the ground to dig and scratch and dynamite for coal to put under boilers to keep steam engines at work? Do we know at once, intuitively, all the incredibly complex branchings of the industrial age and how to use them to increase human contentment and liberties?

Of course not! The most we can do is dimly to suspect a few of these changes, and to realize in awesome fashion that the little we do know about this new steam contraption is vastly, immeasurably overbalanced by our ignorance of all it will bring into our lives.

Today, the scientist who first pierces a few million light years into space with a new and more powerful telescope knows in his heart that he is increasing his conscious ignorance of the stellar universe. To the north, south, east and west of the first new star he glimpses shine millions of hitherto unknown stars. Each one of them he must plot, measure for weight, analyze for light and chemical composition before he knows as much about these new arches of space as he knew yesterday about the already explored heavens.

Of course, each new discovery of science does diminish our "absolute" ignorance. We knew five hundred facts yesterday, and we know six hundred today. But in human affairs, there is a vast difference between unconscious and conscious ignorance. What science does is to increase our conscious ignorance, by making us keenly aware of new and unexplored fields whose very existence we never

before suspected. It is this increasing "conviction of ignorance" which leaves us puzzled and baffled after the greatest four centuries of scientific progress ever known.

Take the weather. We once satisfied ourselves by watching the horizon or the rising mists or the action of tree leaves to decide whether or not we would start out on a picnic. Next we discovered something about high and low "pressure areas." Weather forecasting became a matter of expert reporting of conditions and drifts over a wide area. Then we began to copy the ancients and suspect the influence of sun spots and planets as a longer range force. Only recently, to our consternation, have we fully realized that we ourselves, as well as "nature," can influence weather by what we do to forests and plains and waterways. Our weather knowledge is increasing apace, but so is our bewilderment as we begin to see how little we really do know about it and to wonder what astounding facts tomorrow's research may throw at us.

The nineteenth century scientists felt quite secure in their vision of the world as millions of solid atoms grouping together and reacting to each other like so many billiard balls. Then, overnight, the atom itself became a whole new universe of protons, electrons, neutrons and what-nots, and the whole neat world of the older scientists blew up. Is our universe expanding or contracting? Several experts have made shrewd guesses; but as fast as one thinks he has proved his point another submits counter proof to show the opposite. We have never been as conscious of how little we know about our universe as we are today. The revelation of what goes on in an atom was a final blow at our smugness.

SINCE any of us could multiply these illustrations a hundredfold, once we catch the main point, we might be tempted to say "why not call a truce on new science until we have digested the old?" But this is the very farthest thing from my real point, which is simply this: We need a new philosophy of, or attitude toward science. That is all. We want to stop mistaking it for something it is not—a human "liberator"—and accept it with great humility, awe and caution for what it actually is, a possible means to human advancement and an equally possible instrument for human self-destruction.

In other words, it is the use we make of science that counts—not science by itself as a sort of religious substitute for ever hopeful humans.

For practical instance, suppose we had been realistic instead of romantic

about aviation—that is, in heavier than air machines. What would we have done? We would probably have said, here is an inherently risky machine indicated for immediate use (a) in war, where everything else is risky, too, and (b) in the transport of inanimate goods, where the only human risk is the pilot's—presumably a voluntary risk by a man who knows just what he faces. This would have set the limit to our use of airplanes until the happy day when, through years of freight-carrying experience, we had perfected "blind" flying, conquered fog, sleet and dust storms, learned how to use ground cables as well as radio beams for direction and altitude measurements, in short, until we had made airplanes as inherently safe for men and women as automobiles. Then Knute Rockne, Will Rogers and many others might still be with us today.

INSTEAD, and romantically, we tried to satisfy at once the age-long ambition to "fly." Just as we permitted the inherently safe automobile to be so carelessly operated on unsuitable roads as to become a wholesale killer, we tried to operate the inherently unsafe airplane so carefully as to be only a retail killer. In both cases, we were making the wrong use of a scientific contribution.

Imagine the disaster to an army if each ambitious battalion leader was allowed to push as far as he could into enemy territory with no regard for the rest of the line and its supply base! Yet greed, ambition and plain barn-yard eagerness to do everything at once have made us use each new scientific discovery to its full capacity long before we consolidated our fresh "zones of ignorance." We are anarchists in our use of science.

But this fact brings us right back to our starting point. We have used science the wrong way because we have failed utterly to understand its real value and its real danger. We have assumed that it would and could "set us free" without once asking how and under what stern conditions. We have never brutally faced the paradox that our conscious ignorance in each new zone would more than overtake our new knowledge.

Science should have made us humble, cautious. We have let it make us proud and rash. The price we have paid is the phenomenon of world bewilderment today, a confusion unsurpassed since the day of Adam. If American civilization is ambitious, it could not select a nobler task than to bring the use of science under the control of a humble, orderly spirit—a spirit that fully recognizes the vastness of the known unknown.

Procession in Seville

A Story of Profound Faith and Ardent Patriotism, of Childlike Simplicity and Heroic Courage, Among the People Behind the Lines in War-Ravaged Spain

By AILEEN O'BRIEN

Illustrated by Paul Kinnear

THE scent of gardenias had become, quite suddenly, overwhelming. I looked up through the rose-petal glow of evening to the graceful palm trees that spread like fans across the aquamarine sky. Soft laughter floated through the gardens from the café tables, and the lilt of horses' hoofs on pavement grew more distinct. Evening was falling on Seville.

The Englishman's petulant voice from across the table no longer grated, and his annoyance seemed to be swallowed up in the fragrance of earth and flowers. The pungent smell wafted across to us on a sudden trickle of breeze from where a gardener was watering the dust of a path.

"What did you say?"

"You're as bad as the rest of these Spaniards."

The Englishman shifted violently in his chair. I took a perverse pleasure in settling comfortably down in mine and smiling at him across my "whiskey tinto" as the Spaniards

picturesquely call red wine and soda water.

"Now, let's get this straight," I said, laughing to myself at the baffled, earnest face opposite. "What have the Spaniards done now that you disapprove of?"

"It's their confounded familiarity in religion. They're idolaters. After all, you're not Spanish; you must see what I mean. They go about adoring

their Madonnas and their statues. Look at the way they act in church."

I smiled again.

"Peter, you're not a Catholic; that's what's wrong with you."

"I am a Catholic."

"No you're not," I laughed, shaking my head. "You're a Puritan at heart. You're still worried about that woman feeding her child in the cathedral doorway."

Peter shifted uncomfortably.

"Oh, it's not that. You're just being perverse. But for the good of the Church in Spain I can't say I'm sorry that some of those statues were burned by the Reds over in Triana."

There was a violent commotion as a youth in blue overalls ran through the garden and stopped at one of the tables. His slim body was bent over it and his face was alight. He said something and there was a cheer.

"Que pasa?"

We all wanted to know what had hap-



It took them an hour to go two blocks. There was laughter as well as tears in all eyes

pened. Had we relieved Oviedo? Had Madrid surrendered? I left my place and approached the excited group. "What's up?"

When I came back to Peter I was laughing uncontrollably. Peter was still irritable.

"What on earth has happened?"

"Your statues," I gasped, full of happiness. "Our Lady of Hope, the Macarena, was not burned after all."

My heart was beating painfully with the picture of tears in the eyes of the young soldier still vivid in my mind.

"He says that Our Lady is still alive," I said.

There was a strangled exclamation from Peter.

"That's exactly what I've been trying to tell you all along," he said. "Our Lady is still alive! They talk of that statue as if it were Our Lady herself. They adore it. It's sacrilegious."

"Slightly unregenerate, Peter," I said. "Nothing more. And who can tell what they mean by it? They don't wait incense before it. They just love it, perhaps because it makes Our Lady herself seem more real to them. She is very beautiful, the Macarena, the patron saint of gypsies and bullfighters and workers of Seville. Don't judge them, Peter; it's dangerous."

Peter shook his head.

"I can't see your point of view at all. I don't like it. No wonder they go about burning people alive and shooting the eyes out of their statues. They're savages and primitive. But let's not discuss it. How did the statue escape? I thought they'd burned the church before Queipo de Llano could get at them?"

"**T**HEY did burn it, the church at least, and all her clothes," I sighed at the thought of Our Lady's wardrobe, lovingly embroidered in gold and silver by the working girls. "But the Confraternity is essentially proletarian and knew what was coming. Apparently they had expected the Communist rising and made arrangements to save the statue at any rate. And the famous gold crown. Do you know, Peter, that the Confraternity had economized for generations to give her the most beautiful golden crown studded with precious jewels? They got the statue out in time and hid it."

"Where?"

I laughed again. "I don't know. No one does, except the Confraternity; and they won't tell. They're realistic, these Spaniards, and have little faith in human nature. They believe that this won't be the last war and that they may have to save her again

from someone else. So they're keeping this very effective hiding place a secret, just in case."

"Well, and . . .?"

I laughed, delighted at what I had to tell him.

"General Queipo de Llano has been notified of the discovery and we are to stage one of our processions. One of the pagan ones, Peter, with flowers and music and songs and dancing and laughter."

Peter groaned.

"**I** WISH you'd try to understand. But no matter. Why have they waited this long? Why didn't they let it be known at the beginning?"

"Because they're cautious, and they weren't sure we'd win the war. Now that Toledo has been taken and the troops are smashing ahead, they can risk admitting that Our Lady is quite safe. It would have been silly to have gone to all the trouble of saving her if the Communists won the war and they burned her anyhow, wouldn't it?"

There was a silence, while Peter drank his wine.

"When is the *fiesta* to take place?"

"Next week. There will be a general holiday and we shall camp on the sidewalks to wait for Our Lady to go by. I'm calling up the General tonight to get a good place. A procession in Seville is one of the loveliest sights in the world. I'll get a good place for you also, if you wish."

Peter grunted.

"Of course I want to see it. I'll admit it's beautiful, and if these Sevilanos insist on being sacrilegious there's nothing I can do to stop them."

"No, Peter, nothing," I agreed. "It's going to be lonely for you up in heaven, all alone," I added, and made my retreat before Peter's indignation could burst on my head.

In order to miss nothing of the preparations for the feast I went to visit the "Elder Brother" of the Confraternity and mingled my excitement with his and with that of hundreds of devotees of the Macarena, who stormed his house day and night to be reassured personally by the Elder Brother that the whole thing wasn't just a bad joke. His modest, spotless little house was cool and lovely and dark, and in the patio, framed in fragrant jasmine, was a picture of Our Lady, in hand-painted tiles, with flowers and a little red lamp burning softly in front of it. There was a solemn conference going on round the tinkling fountain.

The heads of the Confraternity were discussing details. First of all, there was the question of clothes for

Our Lady. She was destitute, except for the golden crown, and it was quite obvious, even to the most obtuse, that Our Lady must have some clothes to wear if she were to appear in public. The decision was finally reached. The Confraternity would borrow some clothes from the Christ of Love.

The meeting adjourned while the members retired to their different homes to don their Sunday best in preparation for the visit to be made to the Confraternity of the Christ of Love, whose church had not been touched by the Communists.

The Elder Brother was a solemn man, dark, slight, with the refined beautiful features that are found only in Spain. He spoke the slurred dialect of Andalusia, and when he mentioned Our Lady it was always with a smile. He called her "*La Virgencita*," the Little Virgin.

"You were running a risk, saving her," I remarked.

"What do you mean?"

"The Communists. If they had discovered her, if they had won, you would have all been shot, as counter-revolutionaries."

"**Y**ES, of course," he said, politely, but I could see that he was puzzled. A thrill of happiness went through me. There still were people, humble people who were weak and ignorant, and sinful, but who loved someone sufficiently to act heroically as a matter of course, simply because they loved.

The other members were coming back, one by one, and we prepared to set off on our mission. They made a lovely picture, the six of them in their wide black hats slightly tilted over olive-tinted, solemn faces, their wide black capes falling in graceful folds over their spotless black suits, and their shirts white as snow. They courteously swept off their hats to Our Lady on the wall and to me as I passed by before them through the wrought-iron doors leading out from the patio.

The Elder Brother of the Confraternity of the Christ of Love was an old man, with white hair and the deep, startling blue eyes one so often meets in Andalusia. With great ceremony, the delegation was escorted into his house and, just as ceremoniously, the object of their visit was explained. When the speech had been reeled off there was a slight silence, and, quite suddenly, the Elder Brother of the Macarena blurted forth:

"It all boils down to this. We want to know whether Our Lord would lend His Blessed Mother a cloak for the procession."



PENINSULAR NEWS SERVICE

The women wore lace mantillas; and red carnations, the national flower, nestled in their hair

The thought of Peter flashed through my mind, and I drowned a hoot of laughter in a cough. Then I blushed furiously and felt ashamed. It was not picturesque, nor amusing, nor unregenerate. These men were serious, serious enough to have risked their lives in defense of their Macarena, and their reverence for her made them desperately anxious to obtain the most beautiful cloak in the city for her to wear. The best was only just good enough. They had scraped and pinched for generations to give her the golden crown. Because they loved her. To laugh at them was to laugh at her. To call them fanatics for having gone without luxuries to provide her with a gorgeous crown was to suppose that she was not worth it. But Peter did not look at it that way, and he loved Our Lady devotedly. He simply thought that these men adored the statue instead of loving Our Lady.

My thoughts were brought back to earth by the deep cracked tones of the old man with the white hair.

Our Lady would have the best cloak, and she could keep it as long as she needed it. The Confraternity of the *Cristo del Amor* was only too delighted to help, and would the

Elder Brother of the Confraternity of the Macarena remember that anything the Christ of Love possessed was at the complete disposal of Our Lady of Hope, Sevilla's beloved Macarena.

The great day finally dawned, bright and rosy, full of glorious perfumes and laughter. I went out to early Mass, getting caught in the crowds shining with soap and smiles, stiff with starch and bright with lace mantillas, gleaming red carnations, the national flower nestling in the black or coppery hair of the women. Men in stiff white linen rode their white-paniered donkeys through the narrow streets filling the air with the perfume of fresh bread, fruit and sea food.

Which was the best place to meet? Where to go? Right to the university chapel, to get the first glimpse of her, and then run through the Sierpes down to the cathedral to watch her enter? Or would it be best to get a good place in front of the Town Hall to see the General receive her? Little boys, old men and women, girls, soldiers on leave were all milling about the centre of town, and, by mid-day, the streets leading to the Cathedral were lined with pa-

tient Sevillanos, sitting on the curb.

The General, kind as usual, had secured, not one place but two for me and one for Peter. I could be at a window directly opposite the university chapel and watch Our Lady proceed down the street and then, by dint of a special pass, get through excited Moors and ordinary police and enter the Town Hall itself. There I was to have a place on the balcony directly above the great door where the General was to receive Our Lady, and which commanded a view of the whole palm-fringed Plaza of Saint Ferdinand.

As the clocks of Seville struck three there was a sudden hush. At that moment Our Lady would be leaving the chapel.

There was a long, low, rather quivering cry as she appeared, and even the Moors gaped. The beautiful image, resplendent in the green velvet cloak embroidered with gold and silver, with her sparkling crown set high on the sad, breath-takingly delicate head, moved slowly out into the street. Hundreds of candles ranged in tiers about her on the platform threw a soft light up into her tear-filled eyes, and her outstretched hands seemed to call to her

all the devoted children of Spain.

"*Nuestra Señora de la Esperanza, la Macarena . . .*" They were saying it out loud to her, all eyes glued to her face, Our Lady of Hope.

"*Es España que viene con ella.*" It is Spain that comes with her. Yes, she was Spain.

She had advanced a few yards, and girls were throwing flowers in her path. They were crushed beneath the feet of the men who, hidden from sight by the long velvet draperies that hung from the platform to the street, carried her on their shoulders, and the sweet perfume of the crushed petals lifted like incense. There was a long procession, with General Queipo de Llano and his staff, and the civil governor, and soldiers and civilians of every class and description. The Carlist band was playing, and when she stopped for a few minutes, the bandmaster gave the signal, and the Royal March was played.

"*Para la reina del Cielo.*" A boy on crutches was watching her, delighted. They were playing the Royal March for the Queen of Heaven. There was a spontaneous wave of "*vivas*." A girl had come out into the street before the platform and was singing a song, but no one watched her. They were listening in silence with their eyes on the statue.

It took her an hour to go two blocks. There was laughter as well as tears in all eyes, in mine as well. It was so human, so loving, and yet there was something mysterious underneath, some deep current like the *leitmotiv* of an opera.

Just as I prepared to leave the window and make my way to the Town Hall one of those little incidents happened that make a procession in Seville so intimate and lovable, so thoroughly a family affair. The draperies parted and an arm in a rolled shirt sleeve gestured wildly. A man in the crowd pushed his way over to the tavern and came forth with a bottle of wine. He thrust it between the folds of the draperies. Then his voice boomed out:

"Do you want any more?"

The arm reappeared after a few moments, with the bottle empty. It gestured in the negative, and the man in the crowd took the bottle, put it under his arm and glanced long and lovingly on the sad beautiful face above him. His voice boomed forth again.

"Most Holy Mother, don't ever leave us!"

The tears welled in my eyes.

Peter stood beside me, watching the procession from the window.

"The whole town must be here,"

he remarked, eyeing the huge crowds.

"Of course it is. Four hundred thousand of them. Everything is deserted except these few streets and the plaza, so they tell me. There's not a man in barracks."

"I only hope there's not an air raid," he said. "What a target!"

A Spaniard in the blue shirt of the Phalanx thrust his head between us.

"Are you coming to the cathedral tonight?"

"What's on?" asked Peter.

"Nothing, but we just stay there all night, and say the Rosary at dawn. We keep Our Lady company. It's funny, sometimes, because people are so exhausted after all this they fall asleep and snore. You can imagine the kind of echoes there are in the cathedral. We go about waking them up to say their prayers but they fall right off again. "Are you coming?"

"Of course. Keep a couple of soft altar steps for us."

Our Lady was about to appear because the crowd was swaying violently and boys were climbing the statue of Saint Ferdinand. Dangerous, laughing clusters of them hung from the horse and the figure of the great King of Castile who had taken Seville from the Moors. In a glow of light Our Lady was moving slowly down into the plaza.

It was startling. A vision of beauty trailing a diaphanous cloud of smoke behind her, as the breeze caught the flames of the candles. The jewels in her crown sparkled like stars and her face looked even more pale and tender than in the afternoon. A sea of faces turned with her and a wave of prayers and murmurs. Finally, she arrived before the Town Hall and General Queipo de Llano, saluting, advanced to receive her in the name of Seville.

"Sevillanos, you and I are here to receive Our Lady of Hope, to assure her that we love her, and that she is still queen of our city. Let's all tell her so, together. *Viva Nuestra Señora de la Esperanza!*"

There was a roar, a "*viva*" that was like the crash of a giant comber against a cliff. It echoed and re-echoed.

"Do you still think it's idolatry?" I whispered to Peter.

His face was pale and set. He nodded, curtly.

"But she is Our Lady of Hope. She represents our hope for victory, for a new Christian Spain. She is the dawn we pray for."

Peter was silent.

Something was happening, down there. Something extraordinary. Instead of continuing down the plaza,

towards the Cathedral, Our Lady was still standing with arms outstretched, tragedy and sweetness on her face, opposite the General. The Elder Brother of the Confraternity was stepping up on the platform, between the tiers of candles. There was whispering and exclamations.

Before the eyes of the curious thousands and those of the General, the Elder Brother very reverently took the golden crown from Our Lady's dark head. Very slowly he descended, and advanced towards the General. Bowing, he placed the sparkling crown in the General's hands, and the silence was so great that his voice carried out over the packed square.

"The Confraternity of Our Lady of Hope has decided to donate the crown of Our Lady to the army, since everyone is giving their gold. We hope that you will accept it as an offering of thanks. Had it not been for you, my General, Our Lady would never have passed through the streets of Seville again."

There was awed silence, wonder, questions, and when it dawned on them that the Confraternity was giving up its most precious possession, there was a roar of approval and more "*vivas*."

The General was speechless. When the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, the General, holding the crown, advanced and raised his hand, demanding silence. In a voice that rang with enthusiasm he thanked the Confraternity and pledged himself to provide Our Lady of Hope with as beautiful a crown as that one, when the war had been won.

The Elder Brother advanced, spoke to the General and then turned to the crowd.

"We thank the General from the bottom of our hearts, but we cannot accept his most generous offer. We have decided that Our Lady will never again wear a golden crown, but one more fitting, a crown of sacrifice, proving our love. There are hundreds of members of the Confraternity and other workers of Seville at the front, and more will go. We have all decided to collect the bullets that have killed or wounded our men and the copper will be melted down into a crown for Our Lady of Hope."

I turned to Peter, a queer mixture of pride, love and anger in my heart. One dissenting mind at that moment was an insult. But I turned back, without speaking, because Peter's eyes were gazing, filled with wonder, on the huge throng with faces uplifted towards the tragic, bare-headed image of the Mother of God.



A recent photograph of Hilaire Belloc, who continues his series of articles on the Struggle between the Church and the Modern World

Inheritance

Just As the Family Cannot Maintain Its Freedom Without the Institution of Property, So It Cannot Continue That Freedom Without Inheritance

By HILAIRE BELLOC

NEXT in importance after compulsory State education comes the question of inheritance.

From one point of view the right of the owner to bequeath what he owns and the right of the heir to inherit from the former owner is a department of the subject of private property with which we deal later on in this series; but it properly concerns the family because just as the family cannot preserve its full freedom without the institution of property, so it cannot preserve the continuance of that freedom without inheritance. The quarrel lies then upon this main question: May the citizen and his family not only own property but bequeath and inherit property? Shall the State admit and support the institution of inheritance?

Quite a short while ago no one contested this right. Indeed, it was as universally taken for granted as the institution of property, which goes with it; but today, as we all know, the attack on traditional morals, the su-

preme form of which attack is Communism, denies the right of inheritance because it denies the right to private property. The two things are quite indissoluble. You cannot have one without the other.

Now, those who attack the right of inheritance do so by pointing out the evil of extreme examples. As in the modern world the evil of extreme examples in the accumulation of private property, as in the right of inheritance, is very marked, they are able to give their arguments a solid ground-work of practical experience which appeals to the ordinary citizen who has not thought out the first principles of the thing and who is more moved by his emotions than by his reason.

The other day there died in London, at an advanced age, a German Jew who was doubtless a very worthy old gentleman. No one ever met him. He did not go into society. He left a fortune of 55 million dollars, accumulated in his own lifetime by successful speculation. He left it to his nat-

ural heir—his son if I remember aright—and the huge agglomeration remains and presumably will be increased: for the very heavy death duties which the heir had to pay were made good in a very short time by further accumulation.

All around us in the modern State we see examples of this kind of thing. Not only a huge disproportion in the units of property—one man with 50 million dollars and a million of his neighbors with nothing—but we see it acutely enhanced through the right of inheritance. But for the State recognition of this right, those vast accumulations would dissolve of themselves. The State would take them over at death.

Such is the argument. Or rather, such is the appeal to the emotions through the example of those enormous inequalities.

The thing might be put even better, if people nowadays were accustomed to clear thinking, by putting it as a matter of principle. Suppose you allow the right of inheritance absolutely, without any qualification, having already allowed the right to accumulate private property in any amount. Then an extreme case would be the possession of land and capital in a community by one man. That one man would be the complete master of everybody else. There would be no such thing as citizenship remaining in the State. Make a law whereby, though ownership is allowed to any extent, if one man may by the end of his life have got hold of all the capital and all the land yet he is not allowed to bequeath this vast fortune, nor anyone allowed to inherit it, and most of the evil is undone. Society starts afresh. The huge and mortal accumulation is dissolved, by the simple machinery of the State's refusing to support the right of the heir, so that he cannot take up his inheritance.

That is why the Communists everywhere make it a first article in their practical policy to abolish the right of inheritance. Even in Russia today a man who can accumulate large property through his private talents, such as a great singer or a great actor, is allowed to have as much of that property as he can accumulate; but he cannot leave it to his children or to anybody else. When he dies it all reverts to the State.

There is no doubt that over-great accumulations of property are an evil, and there is no doubt that the right of inheritance perpetuates that evil and enhances it.

How then are we to meet the arguments of our opponents in the matter?

The wisest of human philosophers, the wisest of uninspired teachers, the

first mind among the pagans—Aristotle—said in a famous phrase that everything depended upon *degree*. Therein lies the key to this particular problem. It is not the principle of inheritance that is at fault. It is the lop-sided social arrangements into which we have fallen, by which the most abnormal, inhuman differences in private fortune can be perpetuated and increased by unqualified right of inheritance.

If property were fairly well divided—not equally divided, for that is neither advisable nor possible—but so fairly well divided that a determining number of the families of the community own capital or land or both, then the right of inheritance would be accepted in such a society as normal and just, just as the family is accepted in any sane society as the normal and right arrangement at the base of it. It is not the law of inheritance, it is not the guarantee which the State gives to the heir, putting him in possession of what he has been left, that does harm; it is inequality pushed beyond a certain degree; it is the destitution of the masses; it is the fact that inheritance only applies in any useful amount to a small and diminishing number of households.

Are there institutions whereby the tendency of inheritance to produce swollen, abnormal units of possession can be counteracted? Certainly there are! And in many societies you may see them at work. They all take the form of qualifying the right to bequeath and the right to inherit.

The legislation of Napoleon Bonaparte is an example in point. It start-

ed in France and now affects a considerable part of the world. Under this (roughly speaking), the parent can only advantage one child over the others; he cannot disinherit completely.

Again, laws which steeply increase death duties on legacies to distant relatives and make that increase go in inverse proportion to the nearness of the relationship, tend to greater justice in inheritance: the more distant the relationship the larger the tax.

The differential tax here, as in every other department of economic life, can be brought into use, making it more worth a man's while to divide his property among many, and less worth his while to let it accumulate in the hands of one heir.

But whatever the device employed, the principle is always the same. Having obtained a society in which most families own, a society in which property normally guarantees, as it should, the economic freedom of the family, inheritance must be controlled by laws corresponding to that state of affairs; otherwise the good division of wealth will disappear and inordinate accumulations in a few hands begin again.

All this will be more fully dealt with when we come to the point of *Property*; but for the moment, as we are considering especially the *Family* as threatened by the modern State, we must be clear upon the principle of inheritance and insist upon it. We must perpetually point out that the abuse of a thing is not the same as the use of a thing: that our modern evils come from the abuse of property,

not from the institution of property itself, and in the same way from the abuse of inheritance and not from the mere institution of inheritance.

It is no bad thing when one is considering this question to survey the modern world and consider the various societies to which our arguments apply. If we do this we shall see that it is precisely in those nations and communities where property is best distributed that inheritance as an institution is most secure. Perhaps the best example of all the modern world is in the happy little country of Denmark, but another very good example of the right thing is growing up in Ireland. Well-divided property and the consequent firm institution of inheritance are taking root in Ireland, and in their different ways it is Ireland and Denmark between them which give the best example to Europe and America in these matters.

A useful exercise, which I recommend to such of my readers as have leisure, is to consult the statistics of inheritance. They will teach you a useful and a sometimes startling lesson. Note in what categories wealth has been left, in what "parcels" it has gone from the original owner at death to his heir, and see how the modern world is divided in the matter. At the one end of the scale you will find countries such as England where you have extreme individual accumulations of wealth and the extreme evils of inheritance; on the other hand are such countries as those I have just mentioned where sometimes—often in less than one human lifetime—the whole thing has been set right by a reform of institutions.

Gates of Hell

That bug of Communism still bites. In spite of all that has happened in Russia—all those agonies and all that blood—there are still minds even in the intelligence of France who are working always for the terrible delusion that the way to paradise is through the gates of hell. We have such minds in England, even among those who are pleased to call themselves intellectuals.

Philip Gibbs in "Across the Frontiers"

Confusion of Tongues

A Derbyshire vicar at a funeral: "He maketh me to lie down in still waters." And a Northern minister gave out, "As when the Hebrew serpent raised the brazen prophet high." He hastily corrected himself: "As when the brazen prophet raised the Hebrew serpent high."

From "The Living Church"

Inquiry

The following communication, which seems to tell its own story, was received not long ago at the marriage license bureau: "Will you kindly advise me if the license issued to ——— is a marriage license or a fishing license? My husband spends most of his time fishing and I thought perhaps the clerk made a mistake. P. S.—Is this for that?"

From the "Pittsburgh Gazette"

Death of Lenin

"Is it true that Martov too is dying?" he whispered to his wife before the power of speech left him. He lay like a log for the rest of that year. Towards the end of it there was a slight recovery, and he was allowed to go out for a sleigh ride. He went muffled up in fur and rugs, and, a little idiot now, carrying with him a gun which he stroked, smiling the while a foolish smile. It was the last flicker of the guttering candle. With the new year came relapse and total collapse, and on January 21, 1924, he died.

Christopher Hollis in "Lenin"

Bolshevism

Bolshevism aims at more than the confiscation of private property; it is trying to confiscate human dignity.

Herr Fölöp Miller in "Mind and Face of Bolshevism"

Old Fords

A further use for old Ford cars was discovered by an ingenious Chinese engineer, who fashioned surgical instruments from discarded spare parts. The instruments are now in use by a Chinese army medical corps.

From "Marginal Notes" in "Asia"



JOACHIM BECKES, C.P., WUKI, NUNAN

A Trip on the River

By JAMES LAMBERT, CP.

GRANDMA SONG is a wonderful old sailor. She has traveled up and down this river nigh three score years and ten. She can swing the great oar fastened to the side of the sampan as well as any man. Old Grandma is out there now, on the front deck, helping to row the boat in the direction of Pushih. One step forward with the left foot, one step backward with the left foot, the right foot always stationary. The big oar creaks as it swings back and forth, and the boat glides merrily down the Yuan river.

It is a fine sunny morning, and Grandma is in good spirits. She calls greetings to the other boats as we pass them on the way. "Hi, there! Mr. Swen! Where are you going?"—as their old friend goes by on the other side of the river. "Going to Shenchow!" says Mr. Swen. As a matter of fact he is. But had anyone else asked him his destination, he might have told them of a town as far away from Shenchow as Timbukto. Tell no one your business and you are always safe.

"How much are you getting?" asks Grandma Song. "Only five dollars!" says Mr. Swen. In reality he is getting seven. But he does not tell this even to Grandma. However, Grandma Song knows all these boatmen since they toddled about deck and could not reach the top of the

oar lock. So she mentally adds to Mr. Swen's amount about half as much more, and comes very close to the correct price for his trip.

We are nearing the Pushih shore. Grandma happens to look back over her shoulder and she almost drops the oar. Emerging from beneath the hood of the sampan is our friend, Jake, the young man who accompanies me on all journeys and acts as an altar boy. But what a change has come over him. When he climbed beneath that hood in the gray light of the dawn, he had been wearing a sweat shirt and trunks. No one was abroad at that early hour to see what he wore. When he reached the sampan he intended to wrap himself in Mr. Song's discarded bedding, and finish his night's repose. So he had put his good clothes together in a small bundle, and carried them under his arm.

Now Jake comes forth, donned in a pair of white sailor pants, bright-colored suspenders, a yellow sport shirt, with a set of shiny green cuff links. He has also bought himself a new straw hat. Grandma has never seen Jake in such regalia before. She eyes him askance for some time, and then gives her verdict. "You look like a foreigner!" A broad smile on Jake's face. "Foreigners have a few good points!" he says. "I am learning some of them!"

As we move over the waters, I feel like a man aboard a vessel of the old Vikings. Jake makes a wonderful figure-head, as he stands out there at the prow, all resplendent in the morning sun. But Jake is no figure-head. He is watching the people along the shore, and he hopes they are watching him. There are some young ladies washing clothes at the river's edge. Incidentally, Jake is in search of a wife. Not that he would think of asking any of those young ladies. That is not the custom in this land. The asking is done by a middle man. Captain Miles Standish tried that on the other side of the world. John Alden was his middle man. And the young lady asked John why did he not speak for himself. I think the practice is now obsolete in America.

As I said, Jake is no figure-head. He has middle men all over the territory. Even Mr. Song the boat man is acting voluntarily in that capacity. Mr. Song has told Jake he knows of a young lady in his own village of Song Chia Loo. Her mother and father are willing. He did not say if the maiden was so minded. Mr. Song perhaps figures, if Jake is married into his clan that he—Mr. Song—will be confirmed in office as the *Sen Fu's* boat man.

We have reached the shore. And

as we step from the boat: "Walk slowly!" calls Mr. Song. "Please be seated! We shall be back soon!" says Jake.

Jake is the proud owner of a little brass wrist watch. He likes to have me ask him the time of day, particularly when we are in a crowd. He will then look about him, slowly raise his arm, push back his sleeve, study the face of the watch for a few moments, and then, in a voice to be heard by all, inform me of the correct hour.

"**W**HAT time is it?" I ask, as we start down the street. Jake goes through the ceremony without skipping a rubric. "Half past seven!" he says. "We are early!" So we amble leisurely down the street.

No cries of "There goes the *Sen Fu*!" are heard this morning. Jake is the cynosure of all eyes. We meet old Julian, the gate man of the Mission. He is out here on the main street, buying a few coppers worth of tobacco.

"Hi, *Sen Fu*! You are very early!" says Julian. He hurries back to open the mission gate. Then he looks at Jake. And for once, old Julian forgets to tell me he is eighty years old.

The tower bell is rung. The Christians begin their prayers. Said aloud in musical tones, these prayers sound pleasant. First the morning prayers, then a chapter from the catechism, are recited in unison. Now it is time for Mass. As the day is rather warm the church door has been left open. As Jake and I go down the aisle with holy water, whom do we see out in the church yard but old Grandma Song. She has come up from the river. And as she stands before the door of the church, she makes many a profound bow toward the altar. This has long been Grandma's manner of honoring *pusa*, or the idol in the temple at home.

After Mass, Christians and missionary greet each other in the church yard. Today, however, Jake seems in haste to be off for the boat. "Wants his cup of American coffee!" I fondly imagine. (It is our custom to have breakfast on the boat. And Jake thoroughly enjoys a cup of coffee with his rice). Hurried though we be, Jake does not forget to stop at a little shop. There he buys a small package of toasted watermelon seeds. The trip to Chenki is four hours long. When Jake is not sleeping, he is crunching watermelon seeds. Once we are aboard, I find the cause of his haste.

"Say, *Sen Fu*!" he asks. "Would you mind if we stop at Song Chia Loo? Mr. Song wishes me to meet a young

War Conditions!

We will indeed be glad to get the linens for the dispensary. Things are disappearing like magic from there since we have such an increase in trade. At this writing there are fourteen people working in the dispensary and on the street caring for the sick. The refugees are here and more are on the way. You must know by now that the Boys' School is being turned over to them and that a hospital also is to be opened there.

When the Boys' School is filled to capacity there will be an opening down here for more. We haven't much room with our sixty odd members already in this compound, but we can give the school offices and the embroidery school if need be. Airplanes flew over here a couple of times this week. We heard the Yochow, Hunan, Catholic Mission was demolished by bombs. What is still in store for us here, we do not know, but we will gladly do all we can to help the sufferers.

We cannot get any supplies from Hankow. We are living entirely on the food to be had around this district. For some accustomed to it, it is not so hard, but for others it is almost unbearable. Coffee, butter, canned milk will soon be luxuries of by-gone days. We are now using the vegetable oil for lighting. Kerosene is \$12.00 a can and not any to be had at that. Hundreds of thousands of people are arriving here by boat and some have been travelling for months on foot. The busses are running, but not a chance to purchase tickets. In all the rush there seems to be wonderful cooperation among the officials and the people. All are ready to make any and every sacrifice for the country. In our dispensary we are caring daily for five and six hundred patients.

Sisters of Charity

lady." He looks at me impassively. "How long will it take you?" we ask Jake.

"Just about twenty minutes. Besides, the man out there on shore, who is pulling the boat, will want to stop some place for his noon-day rice. And Song Chia Loo is as good a place as any other." So the boat is anchored at Song Chia Loo. The man who had been pulling the boat climbs aboard. Old Grandma Song gets out the rice and vegetable bowls for him. Jake and Mr. Song step ashore. Jake smooths his fine clothes, puts his hat at the proper angle and the two

are off to view the prospective bride.

As the boat-puller enjoys his rice, he and old Grandma speculate as to the success of the mission. Ten minutes elapse.

"Why, here they come now!" says the puller, as he looks up from his rice.

"Well?" says Grandma in a questioning tone, as the two men reach the boat.

"Well!" says Jake, "*Man, man ti!* We must take this matter slowly!" Evidently Jake first wants to find out what the other middle men have to say.

The boat puller jumps ashore, the sampan is pushed out into the stream. Once more we start out for our home town, Chenki. Mr. Song stands on the back deck. There he tends to the rudder, shortens or lengthens the rope from the mast to the man on shore, helps the boat along in shallow water by pushing with a long bamboo pole and—when in deeper water—rows. Grandma Song puts away the rice bowls. She then stands on the front deck. With a long pole she pushes the boat away from the shore, should we come too close, and away from any rocks which lurk beneath the waters.

JAKE crawls to the back of the boat, stretches himself on Mr. Song's bedding. As he opens the little packet of watermelon seeds, he calls: "Say, Grandma Song! What did you mean by bowing to the altar this morning? Do you not know your *pusa* is not in there?"

"Well, the Lord of Heaven is in there," says Grandma. "And I wanted Him to grant me some favors, and bring me good luck." Jake has no ready answer to Grandma's bit of logic. So he crunches melon seeds.

The sky has been darkening. And now a sudden shower comes up. Mr. Song reaches for his "rain coat," made of fiber from the bark of a pine tree. It merely covers his back and shoulders. But it sheds the rain in a very efficient manner. Grandma extends the hood of the sampan over the front deck and crawls beneath this covering. The man who is pulling the boat continues on his way, thankful for the cooling rain.

The shower is soon over, and the sun reappears. We are now but half an hour distant from Chenki. So the man on shore is called into the boat. He receives his pay, equivalent to about fifteen cents, American money, for pulling the boat seven miles. "Much obliged! And may you become rich!" says Grandma Song, as she hands the man a handful of coppers.

"I am not worthy! Many thanks," says the man, accepting his pay.



An uncertain future lies before these refugees. They have just left a district in Shanghai which was under fire. From that and other cities near the eastern coast of China, great numbers of women and children have gone westward into the interior. The Passionist Missionaries are doing what they can to assist these homeless wanderers. We ask your financial help in this work of mercy and charity. Send your offering to: The Hunan Relief Fund—THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

EUROPEAN PHOTO

"Walk slowly!" calls Mr. Song.

"Thanks! Will help you again, when you come to Pushih! Get rich, Mr. Song!" And, with a smile, the boat puller is off on a seven mile walk, back to his own town. Once more, Grandma fastens the great oar to the side of the boat. She and Mr. Song will row us to Chenki.

"Hi, Grandma Song!" calls a young boatman, as his sampan draws near. He endeavors to get in the lead. For a time Grandma rows like a Trojan. When she sees she is losing ground, she holds the oar so that it skims over the surface of the waves. In doing so it collects plenty of water along the blade. With a deft swing of the oar, Grandma lets the boatman have the full benefit of the spray. And he laughs good naturedly, as he tries to return the compliment. Now he succeeds in maneuvering his sampan directly in front of ours. He

smiles back at old Grandma, and then tends to his rowing.

The next time he looks back, there is surprise on his face. Grandma has dropped the big oar. She has crept out to the very front of our boat and is hanging on to the other sampan with both hands. For some distance now we have been "stealing a ride," much as a small boy would hitch his express wagon to a passing truck. A loud laugh from the young boatman. He enjoys Grandma's joke at his expense and continues to tow us for awhile.

But not for long. Grandma and Mr. Song taught these youngsters how to row. They can send their boat over the waves with very little effort. Soon a merry race is on. The young boatman rows as though his life depended on it. The powerful muscles in his strong young back are rippling in the afternoon sun. Mr. Song and

Grandma row steadily on. They have been doing this now nigh three score years and ten. Little by little, however, the young boatman gains. But here we are, before the town of Chenki. Home again, after a pleasant day on the river.

"See you next week, *Sen Fu!* Walk slowly!" says Mr. Song.

"Peace, Father! Go slowly," says Grandma.

"Please be seated!" I call back. And Jake is lost in thought as he wonders which middle man he should see next.

So do we go about our mission duties, hoping that the war will soon be over. Actually it is coming nearer to us. Some of the Missions are filled with refugees. We, further south in the district, will probably soon have more than our share. We shall need all the help we can get. I hope that it will not be long delayed.

Portraits of My Flock

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

IT IS a matter of great satisfaction and consolation to the missionary to have Christians who are tried and true in the Faith. He need not worry that such will waver in it or make importunate demands for material help, though in a crisis, like a famine, we are glad to be liberal towards them. We who labor among such staunch Christians are naturally edified. We learn much, too. It is they who bear with the discomfort of the cold in winter and the heat in summer to come to daily Mass. It is they again who are most patient in the ups and downs of life. In a thousand ways they are our joy and our crown. It is some time now since I have been missionary in Kienyang. There are several Christian families which have impressed me greatly and which I consider worthy of special mention.

First of all there is the Lee family, of whom Damian is the shining light and the catechist of the Mission. His chief glory, as he likes to term it, is that he is a third-generation Christian. His paternal grandfather brought the Faith to the clan. God has blessed Damian with twelve children, five of whom are living. The others, as I told Damian when little Martin died lately, have gone to Heaven to intercede for them. What a rare Christian family is this one!

Others here in western Hunan can claim at most two generations in the Faith while the Lee children are already in the fourth generation. Along with the blessings of a large family, God has blessed Damian with a uniform good nature and a trustworthiness and zealously in his work as catechist. We who have labored in the Lord's vineyard here in Kienyang know what a treasure Damian would be to start a new station. His eldest daughter, Magdalen, is with the Sisters of Charity in Yüanling and aspires to the native Sisterhood. Can anyone doubt that with seven intercessors in Heaven God will hear her prayers?

I was curious one day to find out why Damian was usually last out of prayers, so I asked him: "Damian, would you mind telling me what you are praying for so earnestly?"

He hesitated and answered rather reluctantly, "Father, excuse me, but I am beseeching God to give my daughter, Magdalen, a vocation to be a Sister. My father always wanted

me to help the Church. I will die happy if she becomes a Sister."

"You might be pleased to know that the Sisters like Magdalen. Just continue praying and asking your children in Heaven to join in too," I said to encourage him. If Magdalen becomes a Sister we shall have two natives of the Vicariate in the native Sisterhood. One, Theresa Lung, is a professed Sister of Saint Joseph.

Any one who has had to argue for the right knows how much time, energy, and perseverance is required to bring about a successful solution. At times the missionary must argue much with the Christians to make them see the light. This is one of the crosses of the missionary life but it can be wonderfully eased if the catechist is good-humored throughout. Damian and I had just settled a difficult marriage arrangement which all but fell through because of the fickleness of the father who changed his mind too often. This was tame in comparison to what was to follow in regard to insisting on his second daughter coming to the Mission to escape espousals with a pagan.

"Take a long deep breath, Damian—the worst is yet to come," I said wearily. To my surprise he answered cheerfully, "The girl doesn't mind coming. It's the ignorant father and

the grandmother who still persist in believing that you want to send Ruth to Chihkiang. She will be in the Mission before night prayers if the lady catechist Basilissa goes to get her."

But neither of us realized what a particularly tough nut we had to crack before Ruth came. She saw Basilissa and Agnes coming up the pathway of her home and promptly sneaked out the back door. "We have come for Ruth," both Basilissa and Agnes said to the mother.

"SHE WENT OUT and won't be back till night," the mother answered. Both of them sensed that there was a battle ahead and not wishing to become entangled in it, gracefully withdrew to let more aggressive hands handle the case. So I sent the catechist and John, my servant, to bring Ruth back. They met with no better success and soon returned.

"Damian, we must make one final effort to get Ruth in the Mission tonight, else I greatly fear that tomorrow will be too late," I told him, a little nettled. This time Damian took Basil, the middleman who helped to settle the marriage that had given us so much trouble. It was six o'clock when both made the third trip.

"We shall remain here until Ruth returns and bring her back," Damian told the father. It was now nearing midnight and all thought of coming back home had left Damian's mind. He could stay with a friend over night. So they left minus Ruth. Just the very trap they wanted her to fall into! They had only turned the corner of the road when Ruth was satisfied they had left. But they both came back. Ruth gave in. Next morning she came to the Mission with her father. It is Damian's invariable habit to be good humored.

Many a pagan on the General Judgment Day will have no excuse to offer that he had never heard of God; Damian will bear witness that he told him about God. This thought frequently occurs to me when we go out on walks and meet people casually. It may be that we are resting under an inviting shade tree along with others, or we may be at a farm house drinking a cool draught of water, or even in the Mission where someone has wandered in to look around. All such occasions are uti-



An overland fisherman. Carrying his drip-net he tramps through the fields on his way to pools and streams

lized by Damian to make God known to these people.

"Why is it, Father, that for years back since I have been doing this, that so few people follow up the doctrine?" he asked me one day. I replied, wondering too, "It is sufficient for the present to make God known to those whom we meet. Later, in God's good time, He will grant the increase. We may not live to see it, but it will surely come."

I ALREADY KNEW about Luei Francis before taking up my duties here. The missionaries formerly stationed here were loud in their praises of him. One classed him as a real lay-brother and said that, if I didn't need him, that he would grasp at the opportunity of having him again. Servants of Frank's type are most rare, as I have come to realize on many an occasion when noticing how well he discharges his duties of gate-man and sacristan. What patience and even temper is required in the gate-man! Frank may be praying in the church when—bang! goes the knocker on the door. Up he gets, uncomplainingly, though just previously he had answered the door for someone else.

He has a zeal in caring for the altar and sacristy worthy of a devoted priest. The altar linens are always spotless; the vestments neatly arranged in place, the candles adjusted on the altar and replaced as needed, the altar dusted, the sanctuary swept, water prepared to be blessed, a new bottle of wine put in the sacristy—all in the manner we are accustomed to see observed in the monastery.

One day I asked him, "Who taught you, Frank, to do all these things so well?"

He only smiled in his characteristic way as he replied, "I watched the priest a long time and learned from him."

I have but to tell him when I shall

return from a trip and he will have put the house to rights and have a meal or refreshments ready. In summer he fills the water bottles and puts them to cool in the well. Frank has been with us for twelve years, having come in with his little daughter during the famine of 1926 when so many Kienyang people entered the Church. He is now in his fifties. Frank's duties are light but he doesn't take them lightly. A rich reward is awaiting him in the hereafter for his devotion to the Mission and to the priest.

I am quite proud of my cook, Sung Francis, not precisely because he puts up appetizing meals, but for the better reason that he is a steady fellow of pleasant disposition and devotion to the priest. A good old Chinese mother found him very ill and abandoned in a temple outside Chihkiang and lost no time in bringing the Sister over to see him. "Mother, I very sick," he said plaintively and in intelligible English. That warm regard Francis has for the Sisters dates from that instance. He was removed to the Mission and baptized, in danger of death. Fortunately for us he completely recovered his health and is today, after two years in the household of the Faith, as fervent as ever.

FRANCIS is an exception to most of our Christians, as he comes from far off Tientsin, saw France during the World War, knows French creditably well, saw many large French cities and life in many seaports of the world. In consequence he has acquired an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes which he draws on to enliven dull moments, much to our delight and often for our instruction. What I have told the natives concerning foreign countries no longer falls on doubting ears.

Francis confirms my tales that there are buildings sixty stories high;

that some fish do weigh five hundred pounds; that water does come forth at the turn of a spigot; that ships carrying a thousand persons do ply the ocean lanes; that some people do get \$50,000 a year salary. If he told them that foreigners have glasses that can see through the earth and tell what is there, they would believe it. I was asked that question once.

FRANCIS has seen service in China's armies and he has many stories to tell of campaigning against the Reds in 1927. He was in Changsha, the capital of Hunan, in those days while the city was being besieged. The main defenses protecting the city from the Reds were strong barbed wire entanglements stretched like a cordon around the city. The Reds couldn't, without a great loss of men, succeed in cutting these entanglements, so they used Hannibal's old ruse. All the water buffalo were rounded up in the country and at nightfall led within the vicinity of the barbed-wire, while torches—soaked in oil—were affixed to their tails and lighted. Some, in the throes of torture, broke through, but the majority fled as if pursued by an arch enemy and ran to their destruction.

Another time the Government armies marched triumphantly into Yochow, another Hunan city where up to a few days previously the Reds had held sway. Most of the city was in ruins. Francis was interested in many of the buildings, especially the Catholic Church. Upon entering he saw the devastation that had been committed. One thing caught his eye as it did the eyes of others: the statue of St. Michael over the main altar. Upon asking one of the Fathers, who happened to be there, he learned that the Reds, while wreaking vengeance on all the interior, paused when they saw St. Michael. One of them said, "This 'idol'



Fleets of sampans tied up at one of China's interior cities. The flight of refugees from the battle zones has congested the Yuan River with an abnormal amount of traffic. To most of the Chinese who came from the east, seeking safety and food, the hinterland of their own country is almost as strange as it is to foreigners.

is one of our sympathizers. See the red sash he wears! Let him stay there."

How Francis came to the knowledge of the Faith and the efforts he has made to preserve it both in himself and in his little family are an encouragement to the missionary. His sincerity more than compensates for the tepidity shown by others longer in the Faith than he. Francis probably never had the intention of becoming a Christian until circumstances so shaped themselves that grace moved his will. Indeed his clan has always had a strong aversion to Christianity from the days when they helped put the Christians to death in early 1900. The only knowledge Francis had then, was that there was a Christian church in his native town. He was a thorough-going pagan, given over to many superstitions.

Adversity came; the family fortune was reduced; he could no longer support his little family. The only alternative was to be a soldier. Only the strong of constitution can bear the rough and ready life of a soldier with its meagre fare and long marches and often hasty withdrawal from place to place. So Francis was taken down with typhoid upon reaching this city where he had no friends or relatives. There is no medical corps in many Chinese armies. Except for a few medicines to heal minor maladies, any soldier stricken with a major disease has little or no hope of recovery. There are of course Chinese doctors, but their knowledge for the most part is of the hit or miss variety. He was here in town several weeks before the fact came to our knowledge. It was only through the merest accident, it seemed at the time, that the missionary, returning from the country, found him lying in an abandoned hut and delirious from fever. We removed him to the Mission and after much attention he

gradually became better so that we could tell him about God and the Church. He consented to baptism. After a few months he became so well that he could work and save money. Much to our surprise he announced one day that he had to return home.

"Why go home now?" I asked him concernedly. I feared, with good reason, that he would encounter much danger to his Faith.

"Oh, Father, I want my wife and children baptized too. You have already told me that there is a missionary there," he said eagerly. So I gave him a letter of introduction to the missionary of the place. Francis got his wife to study doctrine. She was baptized, along with her children, so that the whole family is now Christian. But what endears Francis particularly to me is the fact that he so treasured his Faith that in the face of the danger of losing it, he walked back to Kienyang, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, with his family. He has no relatives here, and beyond a few good friends he has no other acquaintances. Just lately he came to me, saying that he must bring back his mother whom he says he wishes to become a Christian too.

FRANCIS has been of service to me since I came here. He is just the person the missionary can depend upon in an emergency. I needed the newly blessed oils to take along on my trip to an out-station. He had them here the day before I started. Another time I needed money in a hurry. While he rather hesitated taking that responsibility, because of the uncertain conditions along the road, I felt doubly sure that if any one could bring it back safely, it was he. So it is on other occasions. I always have first call on his services.

Happy the mission which has a competent and zealous woman cate-

chist. She serves in good stead where the Sisters are lacking and many are the good works she performs which redound to the good of souls and to the fair name of the Church. There is no doubt about it, Hsiao Basilissa is a valuable auxiliary of the priest. Many are the children she has baptized whom the priest could never possibly have reached.

THROUGH the years she has baptized hundreds in this way. Probably her most glorious conquest, as she likes to refer to it, is a Protestant she baptized just a while ago. The fellow had forsaken that fold but hadn't ceased believing in God.

It occurred to me to let her handle the case. So, if he got worse she could baptize Yang conditionally. Not many days afterwards she came hurrying to my room. I rather sensed that something unusual had happened because she was more gay and cheerful than usual. "I baptized Yang this morning," she said with great satisfaction. "Now he wants the priest."

"Thanks be to God," I said fervently. So I went over to see the fellow. I've seen many proofs of true fervor on death beds. Yang, having found the true haven of peace, couldn't stop saying how happy he was and kept thanking God and the priest for taking such good care of him. My catechist, Damian, helped to brush up Yang's knowledge of the other sacraments. Within the week he received four others. The Christians were over to his house every night for prayers because he was likely to die any time. He passed away within another week. God wanted to transplant his sincere soul to the heavenly country. And, strange to relate, when Yang's body was brought to the Mission for his funeral Mass, it rested for a while in a place where, in life, he had never been—a Catholic Church. So do we work with our flock as the war creeps nearer to us.

Hunan schoolboys at play. Some glimpses of normal life, even during war time, are given by Fr. Dunstan Thomas, C.P. The young people of Hunan and the wandering scholar refugees from the coastal cities are meeting for the first time. They know that in a few years their country's future will depend on them





Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

NO MILITARY PROBLEM

• IN MANY syndicated papers one may read the opinions, three times a week of Dorothy Thompson, three times a week of Walter Lippmann. The difference between the two spells to me the difference between man's and woman's viewpoints and also the difference between religious viewpoints.

Recently, after a calm and judicious review of what either side could let Czechoslovakia have or could not let her have, Mr. Lippmann said, "The problem is a military problem." And there you have in a capsule what causes many wars. Of course it was not at that time a military problem. It was a moral problem of selfishness and it reaches far, far back, and we are all guilty. It represents original sin in its most virulent form.

There is no such thing as a military problem when it comes to considering wars. There may be military problems aplenty in handling wars after they begin, but while there is parleying still going on it is not a military problem. It is still a human problem and there is a personal equation there which can be solved, but not by considering ways and means of fighting. When war actually begins each side must be entirely selfish—but before that other things can be done. Perhaps if France and England had listened to the Biblical admonition to go with your adversary, instead of wondering which could get a little additional slice out of some country where gold was rumored to be or where a simply grand fort could be built, the present situation would not have arisen.

CITADELS OF THE SPIRIT

• THE cold reasoning of Mr. Lippmann leaves me cold. And I turn with pleasure to the warmth of Dorothy Thompson. No doubt she knows much less about military problems, and I feel she is right to push them aside. She is angry with a human anger at the selfishness and the cruelty of dictators and at ruthless democracies.

Miss Thompson was brought up in a little country parsonage. Her father was a minister and they were poor in worldly effects, but all through her writings there runs the love of humanity which this father gave his family as a chief part of their education.

Mr. Lippmann is brilliant, urbane, able in reasoning. Surely the head should be used, but as surely the heart should not be ignored. Mr. Lippmann is lucid and oftentimes logical, but nothing more. To him much of present-day troubles can be argued out along the lines of change of governments or military tactics. Dorothy Thompson is more likely to speak of human values. She was taught in her childhood that change for the better in men and women comes from within, and she applies the same sort of teaching to nations and to the world. Mr. Lippmann may speak ably on government, armaments, and treaties. But more and more one sees that the cleansing of men and nations must come not from the citadels

where larger and larger guns are planted, but from the citadels of the spirit.

Something along the same line was written many years ago by a man who was thought in his day to be rabid and a crackpot, but who said many wise things. "You can never hurry mankind," wrote Bronson Alcott in his diary, "goad them never so fiercely. Expect brute resistance. No measures will avail that have their sources in the mere animal will. Organic changes are wrought by spiritual powers."

"ONLY COMPETITIVE"

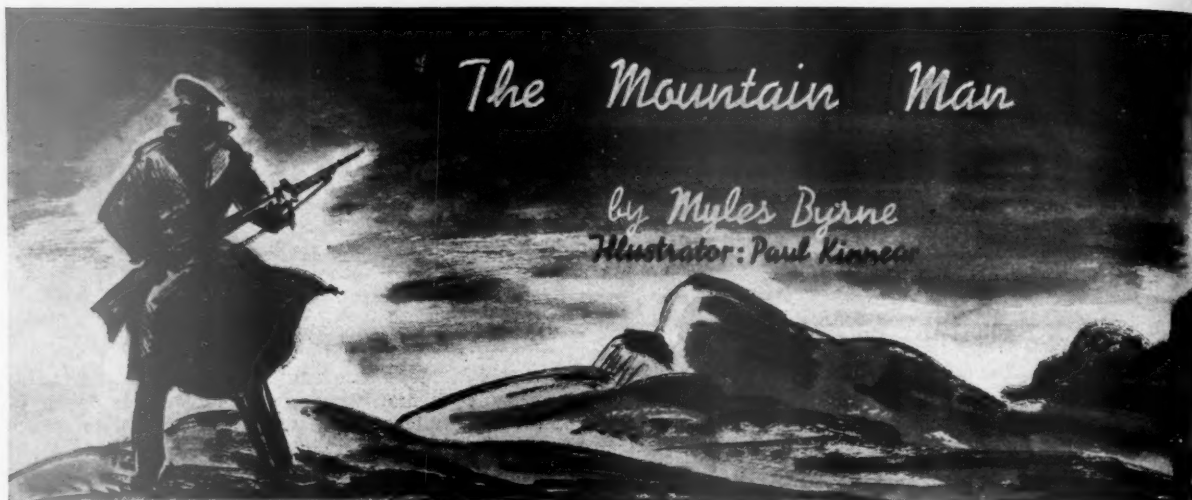
• IT WAS certainly a bad moment in which I attacked vice-presidents. I regret it. Perhaps I should have taken presidents instead. Apparently vice-presidents stand in a sort of hollow square doing their arduous executive work, while faithful guards keep them from being stabbed mortally by the pens of such as I. My suggestions, says one of their defenders, are as useful as the hind leg of a duck, and that is certainly a sort of nadir of nothingness. And I speak sentimentally, he says, when I talk of stopping their pay along with or instead of the mere worker in mill or factory. And what does Mr. Doyle, who esteems me thus lightly, offer me instead? A treatise on executives, on the daily habits and manners of *fauna vice-presidentialis*. And he adds, "Our economic system is not absolutist and dynastic—only competitive." That is all it is—just competitive.

Well, Mr. Doyle will have to do more than sling one such sentence at me, with no proof soever to support it. On my side I have some embattled forces of my own—the books that have come out during the past years on the subject of robber barons, of men who devastated great areas of timber, who are one reason for the existence of our dust bowl, who caused great stock market failures, who took the machinery that should have made life pleasanter and easier for the workers and didn't, who built up great fortunes on small pay for their workers, and then kindly divided some of it into public benefits. And perhaps if some of those men who toiled so long for so little had been paid adequate wages there would have been no need of clinics and milk stations and mental hospitals. Or else the great fortunes come into the hands of foolish descendants, who turn into "café society" or use their inheritance to marry strings of foreigners and who are utterly with no thought of the responsibility that great fortunes should carry with them.

Only competition—that's all. The greater word—cooperation—will take its place some day.

LIFE OF TRADE!

• "COMPETITION is the life of trade." They used to put that in the copy books. Well, some of it no doubt does bring life, but only a fair and reasonable amount of it does. Regarding much of it we should take from the maxim the word life and substitute death.



THERE was seldom any traffic on the limestone road. Once in awhile maybe, a fish-lorry from Cork would roar up the hill in a cloud of dust; or now and again an English tourist in a long rakish car would change gear cautiously before attempting the hazardous descent into Culannis, whose few white houses were huddled together on the edge of the sea. That was all.

The silence was unbroken as Brian Carmody leaned negligently across the gate, a powerful figure in his well-cut tweeds. Small sounds came to his delicate surgeon's ear and delicately he separated them, like an artist working on mosaic. The faint moan of high water swirling across the distant bar, the petulant cry of a plover wheeling aimlessly over the inches. The snipe were all gone long ago, he remembered. Only for that one would hear them bleating in the evening. Now there was a thrush singing in a tall tree and a cuckoo's mocking echo from the orchard. The peaches were ripening on the south wall and there were strawberries in plenty, after all. Aileen had tall jars stacked on the pantry shelves already but that was supposed to be a secret from him.

He laughed boyishly. The wind was changing, he noticed. It rustled in the pines. A freshening southwest wind which would bring rain. The smacks were running before it, pencilling thin lines of silver across the bay. Faint voices reached him from the harbor and the creaking of harness as a horse strained against the hill, drawing a load of seaweed from the shore. The crofters were spreading it as fertilizer in the small fields. A man's voice rose above the lumbering wheels.

"Good evening, Doctor Carmody.

It looks like we are near to rain."

"There is some change, I'm afraid."

"Maybe 'twill hold. A dry spell would be a God-send."

"T would so," the doctor agreed. "A God-send."

The driver gathered his reins.

"Herself is troubled with them rheumatics again," he remarked casually. "That last bottle gave her great ease."

"I will have another at the Dispensary for you, Michael."

"God spare you the health, Doctor," the crofter thanked him, cracking his long whip joyously.

"Anything at all to keep her from complaining. Women would addle the brains in a man."

The iron-shod wheels ground in the dust as the heavily laden cart rumbled on its way. The gate with its brass plate swung behind Brian Carmody when he stepped into the empty road. That strip of metal bearing his name conveyed in some strange way a new sense of security; a promise of permanency here in Culannis where the people treated the young medico with respect. The villagers of Carrickagour had made bold on him as the son of Bartley Carmody, the horse-breeder. To them he was still Hawk Carmody, creature of legend before his time, hero of a hundred battles.

And now that peace was come and an end to strife, in dying fires they saw him march again at the head of a flying column. And tales were told by the fighting men of the mountainy people, tales of a leader who ranged across the heather with laughter in his eyes and death on either hand. The mountainy men had not forgotten. But in Culannis—well, there were fish in the bay. Mackerel shoaling

in the bay, and whiting, too, maybe—the chicken of the sea. Brian Carmody sighed. War is a sad business and ten years is a long time.

He faced his home with pride. An old-world peaceful house sheltering in the lee of a wooded hill. An ancient friendly house, whose cream walls melted into a roof of golden thatch. Wide, mullioned windows, which even now caught the last rays of the westering sun, faced the smooth lawn where pigeons pouted with great arrogance and the air was heady with the clovey fragrance of carnations.

ALIGHT flashed in the library and he saw Martha, grave serious Martha, glance through the room. Aileen, his wife, was a little afraid of her, but soon she would sit with him at the open window and forget everything but the moonlight flooding across the bay. The magic of the night would touch her and grave-eyed she would see the fairy people gather from Hungry Hill or Coom Ruagh and go sailing in their silver argosies to Hy Brasil, the Island of the Blessed.

Again he listened. Somewhere in the house there was laughter, laughter which rippled and sparkled light and clear like mountain water. The housekeeper left the room and hurried footsteps cut across the silent night. As he watched the man who was striding up the hill, the doctor frowned. It might be a call, but there was something familiar about that loping gait. He waited with vague foreboding until the man halted abruptly. A mountainy man for certain.

A flood of resentment welled up from the depths of him. He was done with war and they knew it. And now

came a fighting man in trench coat and high leather boots. The weather-beaten coat was belted about the tall spare figure of Martin Hanley. Carmody knew the high cheek bones and the heavy jowl, with its dark stubble of beard. An arrogant powerful face if he never opened those grim lips.

The messenger broke the silence. The timbre of his voice was tinged with a deep melancholy which would put you in mind of something sad and ineffably weary, lonesome as the cry of a curlew winging through an empty night. An air of reproach too, which the challenge of his words failed to conceal.

"It seems the wild birds are flying again, Hawk."

THE USE of the old name angered him, but his voice was steady as he answered, "'Tis ages since I heard that name, Martin."

"I well believe you, but you can remember me all the same."

"Of course," Carmody replied shortly, eyeing the gaunt figure.

A prison leaves its mark on a man, especially if he be a lover of the high moors where the red grouse comes rocketing over the guns.

"A poor welcome, Hawk," he chided. "'Tisn't often the likes of me comes your road, either, and you won't even ask my business."

"Too well I know your business, Hanley," the doctor answered curtly. "The business of the mountainy men. Go back and tell them I'm finished with it all. There was a day when I did my share. If it's only money—"

Hanley stared at him coldly.

"Wrong," he interrupted. "It's men we want."

"Why come to me?" Carmody questioned hotly, "You have no right."

"We have every right, Hawk," Hanley said promptly. "When you wanted help, you knew your way to the mountains."

"That was long ago; over ten years ago."

Carmody longed to choke that sad voice into silence. It threatened him and not him alone.

"What is ten years of freedom?" the fighting man asked. "'Tisn't the same as if you spent most of it in a prison."

He caught the doctor's arm in a convulsive grip.

"You were never in the Curragh of Kildare," he said excitedly. "You don't know what it means to count the stars all night, longing for the feel of the wind in your face. Listening for the scream of an eagle on a cliff, when all you hear is a garsun crying in his lousy cell. Thinking of Poulgorm—"

"I know, Martin," the doctor interrupted soothingly, "of course I know; 'twas a hard time. But things are different now and times are changed."

"Times are changed," Hanley took him up bitterly, "the enemy working at their old game and Hawk Carmody tells us the times are changed."

Brian Carmody started. They suspected that youngster of espionage.

"Leave him alone," he warned the mountainy man, "he loves the hills, Martin. That's all."

"He is a bloody informer," Hanley declared fiercely, "and he has found a dump."

The doctor grew suddenly grave.



He thrust his fingers through his hair with a wild gesture, swaying like a drunken man. His tongue rasped angrily on the roof of his mouth

"He won't say anything—"

"Won't say anything?" The hill man laughed. "Believe me, Hawk, the men who know where our guns are cached, never say anything."

He turned quickly on his heel and marched into the night.

And Brian Carmody pondered his last words in the quickening gloom.

Brian Carmody's thoughts wandered along pleasant paths as he sat before the fire in a deep leather

Carmody tried to reason with him.

"You only imagine—"

"Imagine be damned," he flung back angrily. "Their agents are in every village, at every cross roads. There is espionage here at your very door, man. Can't you see that? Young Ashford—what in hell is he but a spy? Haven't we men been tralling him every day in the hills?"

chair. Student days with Cassidy and the Rathmines' crowd. The races at Leopardstown, where the hunting people foregathered, weather-beaten men from the Munster packs and soft-spoken women out of Galway, slim in their musquash coats. And the wind sweeping from Three Rock Mountain frostily blue in the keen November air. Trout fishing on Corrib, with the long fellow using the fast strike of a dry-fly man and hooking every fish. The calm way he handled the sixteen-foot rod made John Molloy swear under his breath.

Brian Carmody smiled as he remembered, but suddenly a frown creased the wide forehead. Those later years when everything was so different. Days of suspense, waiting on the heather in a drizzle of rain. Dispatch riders flogging thoroughbred horses over rough mountain roads. Forced marches through the hill country in the dark of the night—nights when the moon skulked behind the clouds, a cold moon unfriendly as a hound with pup. Poulgorm—the Blue Pool—a place of sad beauty where men were "on their keeping." Harassed men with frayed tempers and soured tongues, playing forty-five, and Connor Dalton soothing them with his music.

A GAIN he saw that aesthetic face bowed over a violin, eyes half closed in the candle light. Gray-clouded eyes which brightened when through the shadows he sent the Lonn Dubh winging. The greasy cards were stacked, the stakes unheeded, while men listened—as well they might, for seldom had any man such music. And now the blackbird sang in Kilnamartyra. But Connor Dalton would not be troubled by his whistling—not even if he sang on the rowan tree itself. Brian Carmody sighed and his wife stirred uneasily.

There are women in Ireland of the same Nordic beauty as Aileen Carmody, tall, blue-eyed women with golden hair. Nor has that gold the dull lustre of an old coin, for a coin, after all, is a man-made thing. There is in it the mellow tawny sheen of the ragworths flower in June, a color straight from the hands of God. And their eyes are blue with the brittle blue of ice, which is not strange either, for to Ireland the Vikings came long ago, sailing their galleys from the Northern fiords, and before them the Tuatha dé Danaan, who were sorcerers and dealers in magic. There also came the Milesians, a strange race of people out of Egypt versed in the weird crafts of the Orient, and as Aileen Carmody raised her troubled face, there was some-

thing mystic about her in the fire-light.

"Tell me, Brian," she questioned quietly, "is there going to be more trouble in the country?"

He handled his pipe deliberately, packing tobacco into the blackened bowl. A match flared, showing his strong face.

THERE will be no trouble in your day," he answered decisively, "nor in mine."

A small flame flickered in the fire as he flung the match-end from him. He turned toward his wife.

"Don't worry your small head about such things."

"But Hanley—" she began, "it worries me—his coming—"

"He won't return," he said emphatically.

"We were so happy until he came," she rose to her feet uneasily. "The men of Carrickagour—men like Hanley, they have nothing to lose. With you it is different, your career—"

The doctor shook his head in silent denial. The men of Carrickagour *had* something to lose—lives were forfeit in their hazardous game. Full well Brian Carmody knew it, and now the telephone sounded its peremptory summons, breaking in upon his thoughts. She watched him raise the receiver. His fingers drummed impatiently as he waited. Suddenly he started and she saw the hand clench tensely, knuckles that gleamed whitely.

"An accident at the Poplars," he repeated anxiously, "Colonel Ashford's house?"

His whole figure sagged.

"An accident," he questioned jerkily, "an accident to whom?"

"To a stable boy."

The receiver rattled on the stand. He shot a quick glance at his wife and hurried from the room. It was a pale face he bent over the instruments in his surgery. Tonight he would warn the boy. The lock snapped on his leather case. Tonight he would warn him. The tall figure straightened. To the devil with the mountain men. It could have been a different story.

"Don't wait for me, Aileen," he advised his wife as he struggled into a coat. "I may be late."

She came to him smiling, and her lips had the redness of the rowan berries in them. They met his firmly, then she pushed him from her with a whispered "good-night."

The door closed softly. She was alone.

* * *

There was about the old man a great air of dignity as he stood before the wide hearth. A shaded lamp

splashed runnels of amber light across the table, through the dim room. Trophies hung here and there on the high walls; a tattered regimental flag, a fox mask with bared fangs, an oar. In a corner Carmody noticed a salmon rod, a useful weapon by the look of it. He sipped his whiskey and glanced curiously at his host. The rugged face had softened strangely. He was puzzled by the change until the soldier spoke what was in his mind.

"This country casts a spell over a man," he declared. "It must be the shadows on your hills at night or the sound of the sea in the morning. That's music in a man's ear. The Mediterranean? Pshaw! 'Tis like a painted woman."

Understanding dawned in the doctor's mind. It was the old story; the strange malady that ensues from breathing the air of Ireland. A great longing comes on a man one night, and rising from his chair in London or New York, he moves impatiently through the crowds that pass between him and the place where the big ships lie. Then some Sunday after Mass people notice a stranger loping across the bogs behind his setter dog. A fine upstanding figure of a man with a gun in the crook of his arm. And before him the snipe rise fast from the green rushes and he swings the gun after them, smooth in his action like the pendulum of a clock. And then rain comes with the suddenness of misfortune and the morrow sees him swimming a fly through a rocky pool; a Claret or a Butcher. Maybe God is good to him and a salmon takes it, fine and easy, as salmon do. Money isn't much use to a man on the bank of a river with a sixteen-foot rod quivering in his hands and a fish heading upstream. But there's many a man would give a power of money to see that salmon safely at the end of his gaff. Brian Carmody laughed outright.

Tis a grand place," he agreed, "great hunting country."

The soldier brightened.

"And the fishing," he added hastily. "Don't forget the fishing."

"As if a man could ever forget the Kealkill salmon!"

A car slewed across the drive outside. An engine purred softly, patiently. Carmody rose easily to his feet and the Englishman noted the clean-limbed vigor of the man. They moved towards the door together.

"Sorry for routing you out at this hour," the soldier said, apologetically, "but you may be sure that Malcolm will have you home in no time. That son of mine drives like the devil."

The doctor winced involuntarily and was glad of the shadows which hid his anxious face, as he stepped into the car with the soldier's son. The old man was very much the grand seigneur standing erect on the threshold. Gravel crunched under the wheels. The headlights flung a silver arc into the night. The door closed behind Colonel Ashford and the moon slid into a wrack of clouds. Brian Carmody was relieved. Now that the moment for action was here, his tension slackened. He would speak what was in his mind.

THEY took the coast road racing towards the shore. Brian settled in the deep seat while the moon cut a silver swathe across the waters of the bay. The sound of the river came to him from Carrig an Eas, where the falls went tumbling into a dark deep pool. Idly he remembered fighting a white trout in that place of an evening: an evening in summer when swallows flirted below the bridge and his line seemed to sing through the still air. A Zulu nicely cast in the shadow of the great rock raised a big fellow in a voracious swirl. A well-balanced strike, a fierce downward thrust and he was in him. The play that one made through the black rocks and they with edges on them sharp as badger's teeth! The screaming of the ratchet-wheel grating as he forged upstream with a tigerish leap now and again, a silver parabola against the velvet dusk and the slow heavy feel of him floating into the landing net. Brian turned to his companion.

"Do you fish at all?" he began hopefully.

Malcolm smiled instinctively.

"The chalk streams of Devon are not so bad," he volunteered. "But for fighting trout give me a mountain river like the one below."

"Answered like a sound man," Brian agreed heartily.

"There is a nice-looking lake up there too, a place with a long name."

"Loc na Breac Dearg you mean—the lake of the Speckled Trout."

The Englishman nodded.

"An old man told me, already," he said. "A man whom I met in the mountains, a tall bearded man with a blue terrier."

So that was the way of it. Brian thought rapidly. Fintan Leary and his terrier Bran guarding the hidden guns. The last of the Fenian men with suspicion rankling in his fierce old mind. Men would be silent when the old rebel spoke. He could picture him standing some night in a white-washed room staring down from his great height at a troubled group, convincing them with slow deliberate

words. A tall regal figure in homespun tweeds, his slender hands resting on a slip of polished ash. There would be firelight too, from the stack of peat glowing in the open hearth and his eyes would flash above the out-thrust beard when he spoke of Jimmy the Weaver or Joy McCracken and the United Men. A weariness would come on him then and a great sorrow at the thought of defeat. The light would fade from his blue eyes, leaving them bleak and desolate like a winter sky. The wide shoulders would sag and droop as the courage ebbed from him and he would sit then on a settle in the corner like a tired old man, a gray forlorn man with no friend left to him but his terrier dog.

There would be the shuffling of

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LOVERS of fiction find in each issue of THE SIGN several short stories of unusual merit.

WE ARE HAPPY to announce that the pages of forthcoming issues will be graced by new fiction writers of distinction, as well as by old friends of readers of THE SIGN.

AMONG THESE short story writers will be Enid Dennis, Douglas Newton, Achmed Abdullah, Francis H. Sibson, Dona Belle Costello, Raphael Johnson, and many others.

•

feet on the earthen floor and whispering, like the sound of wind playing through the reeds, while the fighting men argued. But Brian knew that in the end one would step forth and pause bare-headed before the old chief while his comrades waited for a word from Fintan Leary.

And when that word was spoken out across the wind-swept places they would march in battle order while the Fenian reached his hands to a dying fire listening for the sound of distant shots or the high piping of the Commandant's whistle. The silver whistle. Many a time Brian had sounded that clean bare note.

Again he heard it, a naked lonely sound. Was that memory? He

swung erect in the open car. The mountainy men had moved into action.

* * *

"The doctor is not at home."

"Open that door."

"At this hour of the night!"

"Out of my way, woman."

Aileen heard the voices as she struggled back to wakefulness. Sleep clawed at her mind as she flung back the bed-clothes, placing one warm foot upon the floor. The door swung open. She was petrified by a sudden fear. Martin Hanley was framed in the doorway.

A votive lamp spread a subdued, rosy glow before a shrine. He stared at her with smouldering eyes. He thrust his fingers through his hair with a wild gesture, swaying like a drunken man. Fascinated, she watched him run his tongue across his lips. His eyes were riveted on his muddy boots. Words clamored in his brain while the blood pounded in his ears. His tongue rasped angrily at the roof of his mouth. "Childeen—" he stammered hoarsely.

The girl cowered in the corner. A sudden scream galvanized the silent night. Martha rushed into the room.

"Ochone!" she wailed, "ochone! The young master."

She flung herself across the bed. Her black hair spewed across the white pillows. She raised a malevolent face with baleful eyes. The fighting man quailed.

"A curse upon you!" she screamed. "Upon your house, your right hand—"

Hanley raised his arm.

"Your left hand—"

He stared at a splotch of blood, sullen as a running sore. The upraised arm fell limply to his side and a sound beat in upon his ears. It surged about him in a wild frenzy, tumultuous as seething water. Laughter. Speech came to him in a sudden burst, pouring through ashen lips.

"WE COULDN'T help it," he cried wildly. "How could we help it? Sure 'twas pitch dark. We couldn't see him in the car."

He stared at the women. The housekeeper muttered incoherently, while the girl laughed, laughed hysterically through the hair which she thrust against her face. Its glory was all about her, touched with strange light, as when the sun falls gently behind a field of ragwort at evening-tide in June.

The mountainy man lurched into the hall.

"Mad," he muttered angrily, "stark, staring mad."

A door slammed. They were alone.



Painting by the nineteenth-century English artist, Francis Danby, of the end of the world as conceived by St. John

DIES IRAE

A New Translation by Michael Kenny, S. J.



Day of Doom, dread day that crashes
All the world in wrath and ashes,
David with the Sybil flashes.

What heart trembling, what soul fearing,
When the Judge shall loom, appearing
To give all acts of men their hearing!

Trump shall wake a wondrous welling
Through all graves of region swelling,
To the Throne all men compelling.

Death and earth shall yield their prizes,
Stonied as each creature rises,
Summoned to the World Assizes.

Ope shall stand the written volume
Of men's deeds in serried column
Whence shall each hear sentence solemn.

Sits the Judge thence all revealing,
Naught whate'er was hid concealing,
Every deed with sentence sealing.

What plead I then in atonement?
Who can win poor me condonement
When the just scarce 'scape disownment?

King of Majesty and Power,
Who dost free Thy saving dower,
Fount of Love, save me that hour!

Mind Thee, Jesus tender-hearted,
'Twas for me Thy Deathway started;
Let us not that day be parted!

Worn and wearying Thou hast sought me,
By Thy Cross redemption brought me,
Null not all Thy toils that bought me!

Justest Judge of reparation,
Make me gift of condonation
Ere that day of consummation!

As a culprit am I groaning,
Blushing red my sins bemoaning;
Be Thy mercy my atoning!

Who the Magdalen hast shriven
And the Thief from judgment riven,
Hope to me Thou, too, hast given.

Naught my sinful prayers avail me,
But, good Lord, do Thou not fail me,
Lest eternal fires assail me!

Place among Thy sheep assign me,
Do not 'mid the curst confine me,
With Thy right hand host align me.

When the wicked are confounded
And by biting flames surrounded
To the Blest, my call be sounded!

While heart contrite I adore Thee,
Prostrate as the dust before Thee,
Guard my last end, I implore Thee!

+ + +

Woe shall be that day of weeping
When from fiery ashes creeping
Culprit man shall rise for trial;
Spare him then, dear Lord, denial!

Jesus, God of Love Supernal,
Dower them with rest eternal!

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Women With Uncovered Heads

Why is it that foreign women do not cover their heads in church? I returned from abroad this summer on a German liner and of the forty odd at Mass on the boat on Sunday, only myself and another lady from R. I., were conspicuous with hats. The German and Austrian women wore no head covering, even when going to the altar. Moreover, I noticed in Ireland the children saying the Stations and marching in the Corpus Christi procession were bareheaded. In France, I went for a visit to a Catholic Church and noticed a woman saying her rosary was without a hat. I didn't notice any occurrence of this in England. Do the Catholic countries of Ireland, France, Germany and Austria ignore the command of St. Paul, that every woman should cover her head in church? Is it only in conservative England and puritanical America that this injunction is taken seriously?—L. H. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We replied in the September issue, page 109, that it was prescribed by Canon 1262 that women should have their heads covered during liturgical services, which prescription is based on the teaching of St. Paul (I Cor. 11). We have had no experience of conditions in Europe in this regard, but have noticed several letters in English Catholic newspapers calling attention to the practice of Catholic women both in Ireland and on the continent of not covering their heads when in church. The above mentioned Canon speaks of women having their heads covered during "sacred rites," especially when they approach to the Holy Table, but this rule ought to be followed whenever they enter the church. This is quite uniformly observed in this country. Why Catholic women of Europe do not follow this rule is unknown to us. Perhaps some of our readers can explain it.

St. Terence

When is the feast day of St. Terence and is it possible to find a story of his life?—M. M., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Terence is the English form of the Latin name, Terentius. There are three saints of the latter name listed in the *Book of Saints*, but very little is known about any of them. The first was one of a band of thirty martyrs who were put to death on account of their religion in Africa in the Decian persecution, A. D. 250. His feast day is April 10th. The second was a bishop and martyr of the first century. Feast day June 21st. The third was also a martyr but the time of his death is unknown. His relics are alleged to be preserved in Todi, Italy. Feast day September 27th.

Cain And Abel

What caused the difference between Cain and Abel? Two boys identical in heredity, education, environment, no neighbor's children to teach them evil at school, yet Cain rebels and is lost and Abel submits and is saved. What in Cain made him rebel; what in Abel made him submit?—C. B. S., ONTARIO.

The Biblical account (Gen. IV) of the enmity of Cain towards Abel is quite clear. Both offered sacrifices to God, but the Creator had regard to the sacrifice of Abel and not to that of Cain. Why? Because, as St. Paul says, "by faith Abel offered to God a sacrifice exceeding that of Cain" (Heb. II:4). Cain offered "of the fruits of the earth gifts to the Lord." "Fruits of the earth" do not signify first-fruits, but those which are not so good. It appears that Cain kept the best for himself. But Abel "offered of the firstlings of his flock and of their fat." Abel's sacrifice was perfect and he was pleasing to God, whereas Cain's was wanting both in the quality of his offering and in the dispositions with which he offered it. God showed his approval of Abel's sacrifice, probably by sending fire from heaven to consume it, as happened on other occasions when God was pleased with the sacrifice. When Cain saw this sign of God's approval he became "exceedingly angry and his countenance fell." God spoke to him and chided him with his bad disposition: "If thou do well, shalt thou not receive, but if ill, shall not sin forthwith be present at the door?"

The effect of sin is a bad conscience. Though one may be tempted to sin, it is always possible to resist it by one's efforts and by asking help from God: "the lust thereof shall be under thee and thou shalt have dominion over it." Cain allowed his enmity for Abel to overcome him, instead of resisting it, as he might have done. God made this very plain to him. His enmity stirred him up to murder his brother, the first recorded murder in history. Cain's sin is an example of not resisting one's evil passions and of calling on God for the grace to overcome them. The possibility of sinning and falling away from God is implicit in human nature in this life of trial. The possession of free will implies that we have the awful power of living sinful or virtuous lives. Compulsion and free will are contradictory. Identity of upbringing does not liberate one from the possibility of committing sin. The case of Cain and Abel emphasizes this truth. Yet it is not said in the Bible that Cain was "lost" for eternity; he was cursed on this earth for the murder of his brother, but he was not cast off from the mercy of God.

Church And Old Testament

A non-Catholic friend says that many denominations, and to a certain extent even the Catholic Church herself, were tending to doubt the validity of the Old Testament. He stated that the Old Testament instead of being an inspired book was "a beautiful history of the Jewish people." I had never before heard such a view in regard to the Old Testament, and consequently became curious as to the exact stand taken by the Catholic Church in regard to it.—V. N. B., STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

We fear that your friend doesn't know what he is talking about when he charges the Catholic Church with entertaining doubts about the Old Testament. It would be interesting to know why he thinks that this is so. While it is true that belief in the Bible is gradually diminishing among the Protestant Churches—witness the recent statement on the doctrine of the Church of England—the Catholic Church has not changed an iota in her faith in all of God's inspired Word. Her teaching is that all the books of both Old and New Testaments which she lists in her Canon must be received by all the faithful as the Word of God and anathematizes those who refuse to accept them: "If anyone should not receive as sacred and canonical the entire books with all their parts, as they are wont to be read in the Catholic Church and are contained in the old Vulgate Latin edition, and if anyone should knowingly and of set purpose despise the aforesaid traditions, let him be anathema." (Council of Trent). The teaching of the Council of Trent was re-emphasized by the last General Council of the Vatican. The Catholic Church is the divinely appointed preserver, defender and interpreter of the Holy Scriptures.

St. Catherine Of Sienna

John Bunker in his article on "Genius and Sanctity" in the August 1938 issue, page 51, says that St. Catherine of Sienna was an illiterate laywoman. Father Gillis, C. S. P. claims that she was one of the most remarkable women in history. How about it?—W. P. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.

They do not contradict each other. The author himself reveals that St. Catherine was a very remarkable woman, for though she was "illiterate", she "counselled and commanded the Pope!" Illiteracy does not necessarily mean that a person is unintelligent or uncultured. The word "illiteracy" means unacquainted with letters, either inability to read or to write. St. Catherine, it seems, had no formal education, but she had from nature an extraordinary intelligence and commanding personality, which were wonderfully elevated by divine grace. She was a tertiary of the Dominican Order, having taken the habit when she was sixteen. Most of her correspondence was performed by secretaries at her dictation. The works accredited to her "rank among the classics of the Italian language, written in the beautiful Tuscan vernacular of the fourteenth century."

Church's Attitude Towards "Oxford Movement"

What is the Church's attitude towards the "Oxford Movement?" Does the Church consider it a religious organization which a Catholic may belong to, while attending to his regular religious duties? A Catholic friend is very much interested in the movement and claims that it is not opposed to the principles and teachings of the Church.—A. M. O'C., LONG IS. CITY, N. Y.

Your Catholic friend happens to be in error. The Oxford Movement is a false religious movement, the alleged purpose of which is to attain to a personal religious "experience" without dogma or moral laws or system of worship. It ignores the Church which Christ established to save the souls of men.

The names, Oxford Movement and Oxford Groups, are apt to confuse outsiders. Some may think that it refers to the real Oxford Movement which was inaugurated in 1833 by some of the leading members of the Church of England resident in Oxford University, and which was instrumental in bringing several notable Anglicans into the Catholic Church, the most famous of whom was John Henry, later Cardinal, Newman. The real name of the group you inquire about is Buchmanites, because they were founded by Mr. Frank Buchman, a former Lutheran minister of Philadelphia and one-time secretary of the Y. M. C. A. His followers also call themselves "The First Century Fellowship." Because a group of his disciples was organized in Oxford University five or six years ago, they called themselves the Oxford Group. It is plain that this Oxford Group has no connection whatever with the historic Oxford Movement of 1833.

The Buchmanites claim that they desire to make religion a personal and vital matter in their lives and to reduce to practice the teachings of Christ. Lately their slogan is "moral re-armament." Such objectives are, indeed, very laudable and most desirable. The question is, how are these ends to be attained? The method employed by the Buchmanites is not the method sanctioned by Christ. This is not to be wondered at, as the movement is but another manifestation of the individualistic spirit, which stems from Protestant principles. The members of this novel and extravagant society may be sincere, but sincerity is not the proof of soundness of doctrine. Whatever a religious society holds and teaches that is contrary to the dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Church is erroneous. The Catholic Church alone is the true Church established by Christ. She alone is "the pillar and the ground of truth." She is the means set up by Christ to bring men to salvation. Consequently to seek salvation in any other means is to wander in the darkness of error.

Buchmanism is no place for a Catholic. It will not attract Catholics who practice their religion. It might, indeed, appeal to Catholics and others who have become indifferent, or have lost their faith. The movement has the "revival" spirit. If one wants to be inspired to fuller Catholic living, there are means to satisfy him. There are parish missions and closed spiritual retreats. The latter especially will furnish that group enthusiasm which inspires to greater holiness.

The Holy See has not, to our knowledge, made any pronouncement on Buchmanism, but the Cardinals of France referred to the movement in a pastoral letter in March, 1936, in which they recognized the moral value of some of the Group principles, but warned Catholics against its clearly Protestant tendencies. In April, 1936, Mgr. Ruch, Bishop of Strasbourg, forbade Catholics of his diocese from having any communication with the Groups, and within the last year or so Cardinal Hinsley of England made a similar statement. We have not heard of any reference to them by Bishops of this country.

The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York City, publishes an excellent five cent pamphlet on the Groups, which all those interested in this matter are advised to read. Father Edward Schwegler exposed their errors in a very able manner in an article in the August 1933 issue of THE SIGN.

Church's Attitude Towards Cremation

A non-Catholic asked why the Catholic Church does not approve of cremation, in view of the words of God, "dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." In her view cremation carried out with this intention is even better than burial in the earth.—G. H., BAYONNE, N. J.

It is not because cremation, or the burning of the bodies of the dead, is evil in itself that the Church forbids it to the faithful, but rather because it is contrary to the immemorial custom of Christians and of the Jews before them. Since cremation is not evil in itself, the Church would allow it in extraordinary cases, when earth burial could not be conveniently employed, e.g., to prevent the spread of disease during epidemics, war and other catastrophes. But the normal manner of disposing the bodies of the dead is by earth burial. This custom is sacred and the Church intends to keep it so. Cremation is a violent disposal of the corpse, not nature's way of disintegration. The stronger reason for the Church's condemnation, however, especially since the last century, is because a movement in favor of cremation was introduced and fostered by enemies of the Church, in order to destroy the Catholic belief in the resurrection of the body and to create religious indifferentism and even the denial of the existence of God. Cremation was openly espoused by Freemasons in Naples in 1869 and was promoted by the lodges as an indirect attack on the Church. Adoption of the practice was considered an adherence to Masonic principles. Consequently the Church was moved to more explicitly condemn the practice and to forbid Catholics to adopt it. She deprives of ecclesiastical burial those who arrange for the disposal of their remains by cremation, unless they repent before death (Canon 1240). She also forbids Catholics to join cremation societies or to promote it in any way. Lately there has been a good deal of propaganda by cremation societies and some undertakers in favor of cremation. They allege that it is more hygienic and economical, but these reasons, even if true, should not change the attitude of loyal Catholics towards the laws of their Church.

Applying Indulgences To Dead: To Protestants And Jews

(1) When a plenary indulgence has been offered for a soul departed, is it necessary to continue praying for that soul, since a plenary indulgence is supposed to satisfy for all punishment due to sin? Is it necessary to continue praying for souls which have departed this life for twenty or thirty years? (2) May indulgences be applied to deceased Protestants and Jews?—M. E. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) The Catholic doctrine teaches that indulgences are applied to souls in Purgatory by way of *suffrage*, which means that the faithful on earth who endeavor to gain them, in accordance with the will of the Church, beseech God to apply them to the souls in Purgatory. If a plenary indulgence is gained by one of the living faithful and is applied in its fulness by God to a soul in Purgatory, the soul will be immediately released from its sufferings. While the instinct of the faithful leads them to believe that God will apply the indulgences to those whom they designate, they cannot have certainty about this outside a personal revelation. The application depends on God's mercy and liberality. Moreover, the living faithful are not always sure that they have perfectly fulfilled all the conditions required for gaining a plenary indulgence. Since the living faithful are not

given to know whether a soul in Purgatory has been received into Heaven, except in the case of those who have been beatified and canonized, Catholic piety urges them to continue to pray for the souls in Purgatory, even after the lapse of many years. The Church has special Requiem Masses to be offered on anniversaries and there is no time limit attached to them.

(2) Indulgences may not be applied by the faithful to the living, but they may be applied by way of suffrage, as said above, to all the souls in Purgatory. As a Protestant or Jew who dies in God's grace is saved and may be suffering in Purgatory, it is lawful to apply indulgences to them. In Purgatory all false religious labels vanish. All souls there are one in Christ. Of course, it must be understood that no indulgence can be gained unless the conditions are fulfilled.

Abstinence From Flesh Meat

(1) Under what social conditions may a Catholic eat meat on Friday? (2) Is one bound in conscience to remind a forgetting person about to eat meat, that it is Friday? (3) Is it true that a Catholic may eat meat on a journey or while on vacation, if fresh fish is not obtainable?—A. R., WILMINGTON, DEL.

(1) The precept of abstinence is a positive law of the Church and is judged according to the principles governing positive ecclesiastical laws. The law itself binds under pain of mortal sin, but since it is a positive law it admits of excusing causes. These causes are all reduced to physical or moral impossibility. The sick, for instance, are not bound to abstain, nor the mendicant poor, who have no choice of diet. With regard to social conditions, it would be lawful to eat meat on a day of abstinence if the observance of the law would entail a grave inconvenience, which is not intrinsic to the law itself. Fr. Noldin, *Theol. Moral.* II, 768, teaches that if one is invited to a dinner on a day of abstinence, and he knows that it will be prepared with meat, he is bound to decline the invitation, but he may accept the invitation only when his refusal would result in grave offense and enmity. A guest who did not know beforehand that the whole meal was prepared of meat, may lawfully eat the meat, if he cannot obtain other food, nor depart without grave inconvenience. In this matter one who is habitually faithful to the law may follow his conscience in such predicaments, if he thinks that in the circumstances he may eat meat. Yet even in these awkward cases, it is still possible to abstain. We have heard of how a Bishop, who was in such a jam, ate everything else but the meat, and he did not appear to suffer any particular hardship from a physical standpoint. Incidentally, hosts ought to be solicitous for their guests when planning dinners.

(2) Fraternal charity should urge us to prevent our neighbor from committing sin, but, if this cannot be done without grave inconvenience, charitable reminders may be omitted. It would be much better, for instance, to abstain from reminding a forgetful Catholic about Friday, who, if reminded, would blaspheme.

(3) Travelling and vacationing in themselves are not considered sufficient reasons for excusing oneself from abstinence, but if abstinence food sufficiently nourishing cannot be obtained, and one feels the need of meat, it is lawful to eat it on abstinence days. It should be remarked that the law does not oblige one to eat fish in place of meat; it simply forbids meat and the juice of meat. Many physicians hold that people eat too much meat. They are meat conscious. Many people would benefit their bodies as well as their souls, if they abstained from meat occasionally.

Franciscan Tertiaries

I would like to know how to become a Franciscan Tertiary, what duties and obligations are involved, and what the requirements for membership are.—M. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We suggest that you communicate with the Rev. Director of the Franciscan Tertiaries, Franciscan Monastery, Paterson, N. J., who will be glad to furnish you with this information.

Preserving Sacred Vessels: Works of Fr. Considine, S. J.

(1) If a chalice, ciborium, monstrance, etc., are given to a church in memory of a deceased relative, what disposition is made of them when they are no longer used, but discarded, as is so often the case with memorial windows, stations of the cross, altar lamps, etc.? (2) Has Father Considine, S. J., written any books, besides his "Confidence in God" published by THE SIGN.—J. H., CATONSVILLE, MD.

(1) Canon Law lays upon rectors of churches and others to whom the care of the sacred vessels and furnishings has been committed the duty of providing for their conservation and decorous use (Canon 1302). Canon 1305 says that things blessed or consecrated lose their blessing or consecration when they are so broken or changed as to lose their original form, are no longer fit for use, or have been profaned or exposed for public sale. Material things do not receive the quality of perpetuity and freedom from accident because they have been donated to the Church. When they are no longer fit for the service of the Church, they should be burned, if they can be burned, as vestments, or melted down and made into new vessels, in the case of chalices, monstrances and ciboria.

(2) Father Considine, S. J., wrote three pamphlets—*Words of Encouragement, More Words of Encouragement and Further Words of Encouragement*. We do not know of anything else by him. Father Devas, S. J., brought out a pamphlet life of the author, which may be obtained from The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. *Confidence in God* is a special edition embracing *Words of Encouragement and More Words of Encouragement*.

Sara and Agar: Church and Synagogue

Why is a married woman who has no children to go into raptures of joy because a harlot has a family? I refer to Gal. 4:27, which reads: "Rejoice, thou barren, that bearest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not, for many are the children of the desolate, more than of her that hath a husband."—C. B. S., ONTARIO.

The chief purpose of St. Paul in writing this Epistle to the Galatians was to combat the error of the Judaizing Christians, who insisted that the Gentile converts should observe the whole Mosaic Law. They considered Christianity an adjunct to Judaism. St. Paul emphatically condemned this heresy, which would keep the infant Church of Christ in bondage to Judaism.

"Tell me, you that desire to be under the law, have you not read the law?" (4:21). The law itself shows that Christians are free from the bondage of Judaism. The Apostle uses as an example to prove his point the two sons of Abraham. Ismael, the son of Agar, the bondswoman or concubine, was "born according to the flesh," that is in the way of nature, but Isaac was "by prom-

ise," that is by miracle, as Sara, his mother, was about ninety years old at the time. Agar and Sara "by an allegory" were types of the two Testaments, the one from Mt. Sinai, which "engendered into bondage" and which was the law of the earthly Jerusalem; the other was from Jerusalem "which is from above", that is the Church, which is our mother. As Ismael was a bondswoman because born of a bondswoman, and Isaac was free because born of a freewoman, so Christians are free from the bonds of the Mosaic Law and subject to the Gospel. The putting away of Agar and her son Ismael by order of Sara typified the rejection of the Synagogue by God in favor of the Christian Church. Christians are "children of the promise," as Isaac was. Sara was sad and desolate before she gave birth to Isaac, but after that rejoiced, which was a type of the fecundity of the Christian Church over that of the Synagogue typified by Agar and Ismael. The text cited by the Apostle about rejoicing is from Isaias (54:1) which he employs to prove that the Church is more fruitful in bringing forth children unto God than the Synagogue. The Church begets children of all nations, both Jews and Gentiles, but the Synagogue begot children only among the members of the Jewish race.

Hermaphrodites and Religious Life

If hermaphrodites wish to enter a religious community, may they elect to enter either a monastery or a convent and then have the operation performed to harmonize with their choice?—N. N.

Perfect hermaphrodites are said not to exist, but there are rare cases of imperfect hermaphrodites. Although the Canon Law of the Church does not mention anything about such persons, it assumes that males only may be admitted to communities of men and females only to communities of women. Persons about whose sex there is reason to be doubtful would not be admitted into either community, and for good reason.

Literature on Freemasonry

Will you please mention some books and pamphlets on Freemasonry and tell me where I may obtain them? I never see any advertised in Catholic magazines.—J. O., PA.

The following are a few of the pamphlets and books which treat of Freemasonry from the Catholic viewpoint. The former may be obtained from The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which carries the pamphlets of all publishers, and the latter from Catholic book stores or through THE SIGN.

Pamphlets:

Why blame the Masons? by Jay MacEss
May Catholics be Masons? by Joseph Malloy, C. S. P.
The Truth About Freemasonry, by Rev. E. Cahill, S. J.
Freemasonry, Its Origin, Aims and Methods, by Rev. George Clune, S. J.

Books:

A Study in American Freemasonry by Arthur Pruess
A Dictionary of Secret Societies by Arthur Pruess
Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement by Rev. E. Cahill, S. J.
The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World by Rev. Dennis Fahey, C. S. Sp.
The Catholic Encyclopedia, art. "Masonry" by Rev. Herman Gruber, S. J.

Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

"BLOCKADE" IN BOSTON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You are to be commended for keeping your communication columns free of personal inferences aimed against men deserving of our respect. However, an exception to this record seems to have slipped past your usually effective vigilance in the October issue of *THE SIGN*. I have reference to the remark made concerning the Mayor of Boston, which could have been left out. It was an afterthought that spoiled an otherwise splendid letter.

The writer extolled "Catholics of Boston" for making history, inasmuch as they rose to oppose the movie "Blockade." But he made the one exception against the city's Catholic Mayor. The general public, not being acquainted with the Mayor's action against this picture, might draw the inference from the letter that such a man needs a Dies Investigation. The exclusion of their Mayor may also leave an unpleasant impression in the minds of your loyal Boston readers, which, I am sure, you do not intend to allow.

While it is true the Mayor did not forbid the showing of "Blockade" neither does the Legion of Decency condemn it. The Legion's lists merely warn against it. Isn't it asking too much of an individual, even though he comes from Boston, to be more zealous than a legion?

When the "Catholics of Boston" receive honor from the rest of world they want their exemplary Mayor to be known as one with them.

RANDOLPH, MASS.

GIRARD GIBBONS.

A HERESY OF BLOOD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

W. J. Blyton's article, "Modern Race Theories," recalls your July editorial, "The Heresy of Blood." I think that your editorial should have been entitled "A Heresy of Blood." The present German heresy is a "poison used to fight poison." It is only a few years old. But the Heresy of Blood is the poison that has affected humanity for thousands of years. The Heresy of Blood is the Jewish Heresy of Blood.

"Every child of a Jewish mother is a Jew or a Jewess." (*Essentials of Judaism*, by Rabbi Jung.) "Once a Jew, always a Jew" said Rabbi Wise recently. "Hitler is right in one thing—we Jews are a race."

According to Talmudic doctrine the mother's blood is the determining factor. Only after seven days is it possible for one already a Jew to become a religionist. "On the eighth day of his life, a Jewish boy, by means of the rite of circumcision enters into the covenant of Abraham." (ibid)

Suppose the boy of the Jewish mother never receives the rite of circumcision. Is he a Jew? Most decidedly yes. Suppose he does enter the "Covenant" and afterwards

becomes an atheist. Does he cease to be a Jew? Decidedly not. Suppose like Rabbi Drach and Father Paul Liebermann, son of an Orthodox Rabbi, the Jewish boy becomes a renegade to his religion in Jewish eyes. Does his mother's blood not remain to keep him always a Jew?

Is "The Jewish Heresy of Blood" a Talmudic doctrine? Yes! Has the Catholic Church frequently condemned the Talmud and the Talmudic formation of Jewish minds? Yes, dozens of times.

Do present-day Jews believe in the doctrinal and anti-Christian moral code of the Talmud? Decidedly yes. "It (The Talmud) is our authoritative code." (*Essentials of Judaism*) The Jewish Encyclopedia, Volume 12, says: "For the majority of Jews, it (The Talmud) is still the supreme authority in religion."

Condemned often by Papal decrees, yet taught constantly in every age, the Talmud should be better known. Says Bishop Landrieux of Dijon, France, concerning the Talmud: "It is a systematic deformation of the Bible . . . The pride of race with the idea of universal domination is therein exalted to the height of folly . . . For the Talmudist, the Jewish race alone constitutes humanity; the non-Jews are not human beings. They are a purely animal nature. They have no rights. The moral laws which regulate the mutual relations of men, the Ten Commandments, are not of obligation in their regard. They oblige exclusively between the Jews. With regard to the Goim (non-Jews) everything is allowed: robbery, fraud, perjury, murder."

It is the blood which makes this Jewish super-race. This only deserves the distinctive standout title "The Heresy of Blood."

QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.

THOUGHTFUL READER.

FAITH, HOPE AND COLLEGE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I send you my belated congratulations on the very fine article "Faith, Hope and College" that appeared in the July issue of *THE SIGN*? I found it a most interesting and a most telling article, and I only wish that it could be placed in the hands of those thousands and thousands of Catholic parents who seem to think more of being able to say that "my Johnny goes to such and such a college," or "my Mary goes to such and such"—another—neither of course a Catholic college—than they do of preserving the Faith of their children, and observing the laws of God and of the Church.

You may be assured it was a pleasure to see the pictures of Fordham scenes and Fordham students gracing the pages of *THE SIGN*. I do hope that Fordham and the rest of the Jesuit schools in the country will continue to merit well of the Church and of the State by developing and encouraging both faith and learning.

Again, my congratulations and best wishes for the continued success of your valuable magazine.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDWARD B. ROONEY, S.J.

SACRIFICES VACATION FOR RELIEF FUND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Two years ago I became a subscriber to *THE SIGN*, hoping that its contents would help to bring my sister, and maybe other members of my family in England, to the true Faith. At last my mother wrote saying that it was useless to send any more copies as, through lack of time, etc., etc., they were not read. Because of that, and

because I felt that it was absolutely necessary for me to scrape together every cent I could, in an endeavor to escape from certain conditions here for a brief month or two with the Sisters of Service in Edmonton next summer, I was going to write you not to renew my subscription.

While breakfasting alone this morning I seized the opportunity of looking through my last copy of *THE SIGN* which I had not had time to do previously.

Your pictures of Chinese refugees and the urgent appeal of the Hunan Relief Fund for help made me realize how selfish I was to think I needed a holiday, a change, peace—I, with my full stomach, my well-clothed body, my unpretentious but comfortable home, my healthy children, my good friends, and above all, my most precious gift of Faith.

I don't need anything, except the graces of courage and unselfishness—and these others need *everything*, for soul and for body. Also, for the paltry sum of two subscriptions (of course there are my prayers too) I had the presumption to hope to buy at least one precious conversion!

Please find enclosed two dollars for the renewal of my subscription. This is not all unselfishness either, for I would surely miss *THE SIGN*. The extra dollar is for "one bowl of rice, one bandage, one small alms." Daily I will continue saying three Hail Marys that the war might cease, and three more for all these poor, suffering ones.

ALBERTA, CANADA.

S. M. P.

K. OF C. OATH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In *The Sign-Post* of the October issue there appeared a query regarding the bogus K. of C. oath. It recalled to my mind very vividly a similar charge against the Orangemen. A friend of mine, a non-Catholic Englishwoman, positively asserted that the Orangemen took an oath to wade knee-deep in Papist blood. In fact, it was an oath very much like the one attributed to the Knights of Columbus. That story was told me fifty-six years ago, long before the K. of C. existed. The canard has existed for the sole purpose of serving unscrupulous industrial and political objectives.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ALEXANDER PERNOT.

LITERATURE FOR THE PHILIPPINES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

When the United States took over the sovereignty of the Philippines from the Spaniards, the Spanish language gave way with leaps and bounds to the new language of the nation. Spanish is still spoken by some old folks and government officials who must consult from time to time the governmental records. We could positively state that a majority of the people know more English than Spanish.

At the present time the Church is going through a new era of hectic struggle for the right, especially now after the President has vetoed the religious bill and vigorously attacked the Joint Pastoral Letter of the Archbishopric of Cebu. We have seen the stand of the secular press here, especially during the long and hot debate of the religious bill, and regret to say they were not in our line. This fact once more shows to us most evidently the need and paramount importance of the Catholic press and Catholic reading matter here in the islands.

At the opening of the school year, last June, His Ex-

cellency appointed me to shoulder the spiritual care of the students of this educational centre, the capital of this province. I am but a young Filipino priest ordained two years ago. There are here three Private High Schools and the General Public High, the Home Economics High School and the Ilocos Sur Trade School with students amounting to 1,500, excluding those of the aforesaid private schools—another thousand to the sum total.

In order to take care of them more efficiently I am endeavoring to open a reading room and news corner to counteract the influence of the Protestant Club-house and reading rooms, advertised as being the meeting centre of youth and ably supported by U.S.A. Protestant financial contributions. It's a heart-rending fact to behold the public school students, a great majority of them Catholics, daily frequenting the anti-Catholic club-house and reading room. Doubtless some lost their faith and others are shifted into religious indifference, as a result.

Amidst this gloomy sight of our Catholic students' life, may I earnestly ask you to remail Catholic literature to me. I can assure you that it will be of great missionary value and a splendid Catholic Action.

VIGAN, ILOCOS SUR,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

REV. OSMUNDO A. CALIP.

MOTHER CABRINI

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I do not know why all the notices of Mother Cabrini insist on calling her an American. She was an Italian nun, born and raised in Italy, who came here at the request of my mother and Archbishop Corrigan when she was already the Foundress and General of her Order.

Being of partly Italian parentage, I naturally resent Mother Francesca Cabrini, who is one of the glories of the Church, being constantly called an American. She founded houses in every quarter of the globe, and she could just as well have been called an Englishwoman, a Spaniard, a South American or a Frenchwoman.

RICHMOND, VA.

SUBSCRIBER.

NOVENA BOOKLET IN HONOR OF ST. MARTHA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

After reading your remarks in the September 1938 issue of *THE SIGN*, page 106, with reference to the prayer to St. Martha, I thought it well to send you the enclosed booklet, "Novena to St. Martha," which bears the *Nihil Obstat* of the Censor of Books and the *Imprimatur* of Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston.

It is a translation from the Italian and in it there is no promise of any favor. Her life is given in the words of the Gospels. The hymn is one of the approved translations of *Jesu Corona Virginum*. The prayer is from the proper of a virgin. All the prayers for every day of the novena ask for spiritual favors. It has a good circulation.

26 PRINCE STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

J. G. GRILLI.

Editor's Note: The above novena booklet has none of the objectionable features of the prayers to St. Martha criticized in the September issue. The *Imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston is a guarantee of sound doctrine and piety. The devotions about which we asked were in a totally different class.

MARY MAGDALEN AND MARY OF BETHANY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In view of your answer in the October 1938 issue, page 173, in which you hold that Mary Magdalen and Mary of Bethany are two distinct persons, I offer the following considerations.

1. The Latin Church, the Church of Rome, Mother and Mistress of Churches, has never accepted any other view than that they are one and the same person.

2. It seems reasonable to believe that the tradition has come down from the time of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles. His early Roman disciples would naturally be curious to know who the intimate friends of Our Lord were, and Mary Magdalen was not the least among them.

3. Only in Rome is to be found an uninterrupted succession of Pastors to hand on the tradition.

4. It would be passing strange that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, who loved Our Lord so much and was so much loved by Him, should not figure among the foremost of those who stood by Him on Calvary and at the sepulchre. It would be even past belief that she who dwelt just over the hill beyond the brook Cedron, she who loved Our Lord as few have ever loved Him, she who had anointed Him for His burial, should have been conspicuous by her absence, should have faded out of the picture completely when His final hour had come.

5. Some say the sinner of St. Luke, Chap. VII, and Mary Magdalen and Mary of Bethany are three different persons. Suppose this is so, those who say there are but two are in error, while those who say there are three are in error, if there are but two. One there certainly is and that one only the Catholic Church has canonized in the person of Mary Magdalen. On the other hand Martha of Bethany has also been raised to the honor of the altar. But if her sister, Mary, who chose the better part, which shall not be taken away from her, is not Mary Magdalen, her name is not in the calendar of saints, though she was canonized aforetime by Our Lord Himself.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

ALPHA.

FREQUENT COMMUNION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am prompted to take advantage of your invitation for an expression of the fruits of early and frequent Communion, as one must realize a Sacrament is involved that is an integral part of our daily lives.

It is hard to conceive of any way in which we could become more closely united with Our Lord than through frequent Communion. That it is our heritage to partake of an all-pure and holy God is a gift of which we can never be worthy. Instituted by Our Lord through love of mankind, it is impossible for ill effects to flow from such a source or depress the moral and spiritual fibre of those who approach this Sacrament. To consider this in any other light is a challenge to Christ, a repudiation of His Love and mercy. I want to believe that the comments of J. E. B. in a recent issue were not so intended.

In this world there are reactionary forces at work whose objective is to influence thought and action in a manner contrary to the law of God. I admit it is difficult for the misinformed to resist the false philosophies being promulgated by word and press, that tend to poison the mind of youth and would lower the standards of morality. An excellent weapon against these evil forces is at our disposal, namely, early and frequent Communion—with proper dispositions. I deny that any evil can result from this practice, nor would I refer to it as a noble "experiment."

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

J. A. B.

PAMPHLET CLUBS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In response to Father Edwin Ronan's request for literature to be used for distribution by the Chaplains in the Philippine Army, may I make a suggestion?

Often enough we are interested in doing these things, but the rush of everyday living dampens our enthusiasm and we soon find to our dismay that the date lines are nearly bordering on "ancient literature," and so we make a new resolution to do better, which unfortunately is not kept.

Why not, then, subscribe to some of the literature services, concerning which diocesan papers often give information and details? Through just such a news item in THE SIGN I learned of the Defenders of the Faith. They have such a service.

They put out a four-page leaflet, at a very small outlay of money. The leaflets are concerned with the ordinary questions asked by our non-Catholic friends. One to four questions on each leaflet. A new leaflet each week. The topics covered in Leaflet One are "Why Do Catholics Object to the Reading of the Bible in the Public Schools?" "Why Should One Go to Confession?" "Why Not Go to God Directly?" "Fasting Seems Foolish to Me." "Why Should One Not Eat Meat on Friday?"—and questions of a like nature. These leaflets are sent for the small sum of 50c for one hundred. Or, for one dollar, they will send 13 pieces of literature, one every other week for six months, including a 160 page booklet on *Catholic Doctrine*. Father Richard Felix, O.S.B. is Director of the Defenders of the Faith, and the address is Pilot Grove, Missouri.

The Queen's Work at St. Louis, The Paulist Press in New York; *Our Sunday Visitor*, and many others have pamphlet clubs. The next time you have a "thanksgiving" to make why not subscribe to one of these services—the outlay is small and the good that may result will be something you cannot count. This same plan can well be used for local institutions: the Chaplains of county hospitals, jails, reformatories, etc., would welcome such help.

CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERESTED SUBSCRIBER.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

A. K. S., Kansas City, Mo.; G. E., Baltimore, Md.; J. C., Long Island City, N. Y.; Anon., Babylon, N. Y.; M. S., Phila., Pa.; M. C., Duluth, Minn.; A. M. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. F., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; I. C., Rosebank, S. I., N. Y.; M. P. B., New York, N. Y.; M. G., New York, N. Y.; M. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Prompt Succor, S. M. V., Mason City, Ia.; Sacred Heart, C. T. W., Narbeth, Pa.; Blessed Mother and Her Divine Son, Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.; St. Francis Xavier, C. J. R., Troy, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, B. McD., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Little Flower, St. Anthony, B. F. McC., Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart, A. McG., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, W. M. W., Dorchester, Mass.; St. Paul and St. Gabriel, F. C., Bayonne, N. J.; Blessed Mother, St. Paul and St. Gabriel, G. L., Paterson, N. J.; St. Anthony, M. J. P., Waterloo, Ia.; St. Anthony, K. D. B., Belleville, N. J.; A. T. D., Camden, N. J.; E. P., St. Louis, Mo.; K. F. T., Long Island City, N. Y.; G. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. K., New York, N. Y.



A blending of mountain and desert scenery on the road to Monterey in Mexico

UNDERWOOD-STRATTON PHOTO

Is Mexico Facing a Smash-up?

Whether Those in Control in Mexico Can Weather the Present Storm and Prevent Collapse and Chaos Is a Question Yet to Be Answered

By WALTER M. LANGFORD

THE contemporary Mexican historian, José C. Valadés, writing of the situation in his country just previous to the war with Texas in 1836, speaks of such distressing conditions as an empty treasury, exhausted credit, business at the lowest possible ebb, a lack of industry, agriculture upset by the formation of a new system, economic stagnation, moral depression. Today, slightly more than one hundred years later, Mexico is again faced by every one of these same conditions, though perhaps not quite to the same pitiful degree.

In 1836 Mexico had only the ambitious and amazing Santa Anna to whom to turn in her troubles. How he failed his country then as on nu-

merous other occasions is a sad but interesting part of the history of that land. Now, in 1938, there is a person of a completely different character at the helm, but it still remains to be seen if he can steer a much happier course than did that eternal old revolutionist of the last century.

Most persons in this country are satisfied to lay all the blame for Mexico's present desperate economic situation upon the expropriation by the government in March of the extensive foreign-owned oil properties. This is not quite proper, since many of the evils now so painfully evident were already present before the expropriation. It is, nevertheless, valid

to say that the ousting of the foreign oil companies accentuated and brought to a head all existing evils in addition to creating a number of new problems, the most vexing of which is the disposition of the oil output.

This business of fighting a depression is something new for present-day Mexico, though it was known only too well during most of the nineteenth century. But for the last decade or so the country has basked in the warm sunshine of prosperity. In that period unemployment has been largely unknown, wages have increased, and Labor has received many concessions, particularly from the Cárdenas administration.

There has been a veritable building boom, with thousands of modern apartments and other dwellings being erected. Public works have kept pace, many millions of pesos being expended on such improvements as road and street construction, the completion of the Palace of Fine Arts and of the Monument to the Revolution, the erection of health centres, public markets, playgrounds, etc. The tourist traffic multiplied enormously with the opening of the splendid Laredo-Mexico City highway, and the tourists have poured great sums of money into the country. Agriculture held its own until last year and industry has progressed somewhat. Confidence increased in the peso, stabilized for some five years at 3.60 to the dollar.

NEVERTHELESS, while the economic picture has been rosy on the surface until recently, the true financial position of the government has become steadily more precarious as decreased federal revenues proved no match for increased government spending. Other difficulties besides financial ones have likewise been encountered. The public, though regarding Cárdenas as more acceptable than most of his predecessors in office, has been irked by the fact that he has persisted in enforcing (despite the obvious opposition of the vast proportion of the populace) the socialistic educational system and the anti-religious clauses of the Constitution.

There have been some indications that Cárdenas is willing to relax somewhat on these two matters which he inherited from previous administrations, but any intention he may have had of meeting the will of the people in this regard has been thwarted by the bellicose attitude of organized Labor, which under the radical leadership of Vicente Lombardo Toledano has been perhaps the President's chief support and most dangerous influence. Toledano's Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM) has succeeded in pushing Cárdenas constantly farther to the left. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the CTM is largely responsible, through its extremist policy, for the depression now gripping the nation. This statement is substantiated by the facts.

It was really the CTM that, after a struggle of at least two years, finally forced the nationalization of the oil properties. Though it must be admitted that this action was justified in principle, if it really proves to be expropriation and not confiscation, the moment chosen for it was far from propitious. Conditions were

such at that time that the news of this drastic move more than sufficed to convert them overnight into all the elements of a full-fledged depression.

At once the bottom dropped out of the peso, which for some months previous was being gradually undermined, as the financial position of the government became steadily more grave. The Bank of Mexico ceased quoting pesos in terms of dollars and subsequently announced that the peso would, after a fashion, be permitted to seek its own level. This level, after the decision of our government to suspend its silver purchases from Mexico, proved to be (temporarily, at least) around 5 to 1. In the meantime, the citizenry, recalling all too vividly the disheartening experiences with paper pesos in the revolutionary days of 1910-20, flocked to the bank and demanded silver money in exchange for paper. In two weeks more than 15,000,000 silver pesos went out of the Bank of Mexico. American dollars also proved quite popular. Later, as general conditions grew progressively worse, merchants and others who had any money to protect began purchasing all the gold to be found in the country.

Money began to pass out of circulation as hoarding became widespread. Credit tightened up, choking industry and small business. One observer declared it impossible to borrow a thousand pesos on first-class security easily worth twenty thousand. Even the department stores stopped selling things on a credit basis. Building construction, affecting so many branches of labor, came to a standstill. Industries began folding up or laying off men. Unemployment reared its ugly head, and in its wake came all the attendant evils of unemployment. Wages dropped. Government revenues sagged sharply. Public confidence disappeared, to be replaced by fear and alarm. Where formerly had been advertisements of important concerns, great blank spaces commenced to appear in such outstanding dailies of the capital as *Excelsior*.

THERE IS an obvious similarity, as far as characteristics go, between our own late but not forgotten depression and the one now in sway in Mexico. But there are at least a couple of circumstances present in the Mexican one that were not found in ours. For one thing, where in our country prices fell along with wages to extremely low levels in the early 30's, prices in general advanced so much in Mexico that the government was forced to intervene for regula-

tory purposes. These higher prices naturally increased the suffering of the people. And the National Railways, expropriated some time ago, finally were turned completely over to the workers early in May. Almost the first act of the new owners was to announce a new schedule of drastically increased freight rates, which brought from the mining companies a complaint that such rates would quickly force them into bankruptcy.

Secondly, great fluctuations in the tourist traffic have been costly to the country. Before the oil expropriation an average of 100 automobile loads of tourists were entering Mexico daily at Laredo, but after March 18 that average dropped to 5 cars per day. By May 20, when substantial numbers of Americans were once more crossing the border, the abortive revolt of General Cedillo in San Luis Potosí, through which state the highway passes, again reduced the entry of tourists almost to nothing. Rail and steamer offices noted similar ups and downs in the tourist trade. Now good gains are again being shown in this matter, which is of vital importance to Mexico's hotels, restaurants, gasoline stations, native handicraft shops, and countless small establishments of various sorts.

THE OIL situation continues to be the crux of the problem. So far the expropriation has not only back-fired, but has been a veritable boomerang. It was fondly expected that by taking over the oil properties the government would automatically eliminate many of its financial worries and difficulties; instead, it has aggravated enormously an already bad state of affairs. The great trouble has been that no buyers of importance have been found for the oil, largely because the huge dispossessed companies are rather effectively enforcing a quiet boycott of Mexican petroleum in the world marts. If Cárdenas and his aids cannot soon begin to move this oil in large quantities, they are likely to be drowned in their own "black gold." It recalls Coleridge's "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink." Completely unable to indemnify the former owners in cash, Mexico seemingly plans to drop the whole matter of payment if the companies will not agree to collect in oil.

Though it is doubtful if the oil companies were negotiating with the revolutionist Cedillo, they definitely have had their fingers in more than one previous uprising, and it is quite likely they are now sitting back in hopes that the present depression will culminate in the overthrow, armed or peaceful, of the Cárdenas

régime and that they can effect some agreement with the new rulers by which they may recover their former holdings. In this latter point they almost certainly will be disappointed, even if Cárdenas should fall, which still does not look too likely. For if the expropriation otherwise has brought nothing but grief to Mexico, it at least served to stir up the patriotic instinct in the people as a whole in a way it has not been stirred for generations.

Yes, if Mexico smashes up once more within the near future, it will be principally on account of the CTM, guided despotically by Lombardo Toledano, one of the most dangerous men in Mexico. Employing the best Russian tactics, together with others of his own invention, Toledano has used his organization skillfully to prepare the way for a "social revolution." Labor under Cárdenas has received almost everything it could possibly desire, but the leader of the CTM will be satisfied with nothing short of a proletarian dictatorship. By employing the strike almost solely as a political weapon, by pronouncing intimidating threats against the press, the Congress, and anyone else who dares oppose him,

by forcing the oil expropriation and the grave difficulties it provoked, by creating his own army of at least 100,000 armed and trained workers of the CTM, Lombardo Toledano has succeeded in bringing about a state of panic on the part of the public. The lack of confidence growing out of his activities is strangling the land and rushing it to the brink of ruin.

THE ECONOMIC CRISIS sought by the Labor czar is in full sway, and the political crisis, in the long run even more important, seems to be nearing a head. Indeed, a good portion of the press of the Mexican capital feels that a showdown between the president and the leader of the CTM can no longer be postponed if the nation is to be saved from becoming a second Russia or a second Spain. Numerous have been the appeals to Cárdenas to cast off the fatal influence of the "false leader." And on August 11, *Todo*, an important weekly magazine, printed an article from which are taken the following extracts:

"What is happening in Mexico?

"What is happening is that we are witnessing a new species of *coup d'État*. New to Mexico, new to this

continent, but which in Europe, since the maneuver of Trotzky on October 24, 1917, has not been new at all.

"What is happening is that we are on the verge of a terrible social commotion, which the army will not be able to control. . . . And it will not be necessary for a general strike to take place. . . ; it will be enough for the existing disorder to accentuate itself, to extend itself, as it seems to be, a little more each day. . . .

" . . . The situation of Mexico . . . aggravated by outside pressure over land expropriations . . . by poor crops, by an increase in the cost of living, by the demands of all sorts which weigh down the workers . . . can be expressed in two words: disorder and desperation. Disorder and desperation against which all the military equipment of the government will avail nothing; disorder and desperation against which will prove ineffective the good faith, the sincere desire for the common good which animates President Cárdenas. Disorder and desperation which will hurl the masses, voluntarily or because, famished and terrorized, they feel unable to express themselves otherwise, into the Mexican Soviet 'Paradise.'



As picturesque as old Spain is Amecameca Village in Southern Mexico

EWING GALLOWAY

"And, nevertheless, if it were desired, if the eternal destiny of Mexico and the happiness of her people were really being thought of, happiness as the people want it and not as three or four renegades from Mexican reality want to impose it, then there would still be time to restrain the disorder and to ease the desperation!"

"Now or never, Mr. President!"

There was a time when Cárdenas needed the support of Toledano. That was in 1935, when Cárdenas in a stunning move overthrew the dictator Calles. That was before Cárdenas had achieved his present strength and popularity, and before Lombardo had gone completely radical and had secured a death grip on Labor. But there was also a time when the President needed the recently smashed rebel general Saturnino Cedillo. In fact, but for the latter's insistence and threats of armed trouble in 1933, Calles would never have named Cárdenas as his next president. And it was Cedillo's open promise of the full support of his private army, along with the backing of Toledano's Labor forces, which enabled Cárdenas to unseat Calles.

But when Cárdenas saw that Cedillo was allowing himself to be talked into a revolt by his "friends," he did not hesitate in moving swiftly and effectively against his former ally. Likewise, now that Toledano has clearly indicated that he is not working for the best interests of the people as a whole, the president should heed the will of his people and cast the Labor leader from his position of undeserved power.

The question is: Can Cárdenas do this now? The answer is difficult to formulate only because of one factor—the CTM armed militia. If it were not for these Labor soldiers, Cárdenas could easily rid himself of Toledano. But as it is any such attempt might cause the latter to order out his army and initiate a new era of civil strife in Mexico. In case of a protracted struggle or of a Labor victory, the much discussed and oft-

predicted smash-up would definitely be at hand.

It is not to be implied, however, that if Cárdenas can rid himself of the Toledano influence, all will be well in Mexico. There are other elements in the country fully as dangerous as Lombardo and his CTM, though much less powerful at present. One of such elements is constituted by Hernán LaBorde and his official Communist Party. And of course Cárdenas himself is far more radical-minded (and sincerely so) than is relished by the large but now inarticulate conservative portion of the population. But Cárdenas, if not quite desirable as he now stands, is definitely to be preferred over Toledano, LaBorde, and others of their sort.

There are those who contend that if a governmental collapse does overtake Mexico, it will be as much due to national bankruptcy as to the activities of Toledano. While it is perfectly true that in the last century federal bankruptcy, combined with other causes, brought about changes in the presidency on numerous occasions, it hardly seems as yet likely that it will be bankruptcy which will prove Cárdenas' undoing, unless the financial situation of the government reaches such a stage that the army can no longer be paid. A quick blow-up could then be expected.

A GOOD PART of the government's money troubles may be traced to Cárdenas' strong-headed application of the agrarian program. This widespread redistribution of land has in the first place reduced federal revenues, and at the same time has required a great outlay of cash to finance the thousands of small farmers set up in independent or community production by the new system. Most distressing of all, however, has been the fact that this meritorious (in principle) program has resulted so far only in serious crop failures, some say because of droughts, others because of inexperience and a lack of the proper equipment and necessary energy. At any

rate, Mexico has had to resort to the importation of large quantities of corn and other commodities.

What would be some of the probable effects on the United States in case of an upheaval in Mexico? Well, while there are several more or less good reasons why we should dislike to see another armed struggle in that country, it is nevertheless true that more amicable relations with Mexico might be expected if out of the battle Cárdenas emerged victorious and Toledano departed vanquished. Also, in the conceivable event that both of these gentlemen should pass from the picture in favor of a more conservative régime, we should in all probability find a stronger bond existing between Washington and Mexico City, as well as between the latter point and Wall Street. But if the triumph should go to Lombardo Toledano, or to the even less acceptable leaders of the official Communist Party, then we would have little or nothing to hope for in Mexico or from Mexico.

Yes, Mexico is indeed facing a smash-up. Whether Cárdenas can successfully weather the present storm and prevent revolution, collapse, chaos, or even anarchy is a question which is yet to be answered. To date he has shown himself surprisingly capable in surviving every emergency and crisis, but his acid test seems now to loom directly in front of him. No one would have thought that he could calmly displace Calles, twist with impunity the tail of the British lion, reject (without so far shattering the "Good Neighbor" policy) our notes asking indemnification, whip Cedillo almost without any bloodshed, and unite behind him in these troubled times a good proportion of the Mexican populace. But he has done so. And now, if it is to be Cárdenas or Toledano, we must hope that it will be the former and that, no longer driven by the sovietized Labor groups, he may be given the common sense to pursue a more moderate course, in keeping with the wishes of the great majority of his subjects.

Honor of Work

When the French workers' pilgrimage returned to Rome in 1889, Pope Leo made what is probably his most significant statement in regard to labor. Work, accomplished in the proper spiritual and metaphysical intention, is a *participation in the divine heritage*; it shows we are the children of the Heavenly Father, that on this earth work is the natural condition of man, and that if it is accepted with courage, it can be an honor and a proof of our wisdom.

Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., in the "Catholic World"

Power of Hate

If all the energy generated by good, sound, honest American hatred of Herr Hitler today could somehow be controlled and applied directly to his person, it would throw him to the moon. You could get power enough out of American universities alone to destroy Franco's whole army. If you could convert American hatred into heat units, people would think the Japanese government had got itself caught in a crematory, and that Moscow had been shifted to the tropics.

Albert J. Nock in "The American Mercury"

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

• **APPROPRIATE** thoughts for Armistice Day are expressed by Elsie Betty Kauders in the following from "Good Housekeeping":

I was only a baby
When you went to war.
I knew nothing
Of the torturing fears
That war can bring.
And yet my heart aches for you—
And for your mother.
Tonight, remembering you,
I pray to God.
I beg a puzzled world
To have done with bitterness
And misunderstanding.
I say again and again,
"Do not let my husband and son
Be torn from the tenderness
Of my arms."
It is not a brave way of speaking, no—
But I do not see the tragic splendor
Of your grave.
I see a woman's heart weeping—
For you.

CHANGING THEIR TUNE

• **GENERAL FRANCO's** advances have brought some periodicals to change the tone of their comments on his campaign. "The Rock" observes that a French weekly has found a parallel in the headlines which appeared after Napoleon's escape from Elba:

The Cannibal Has Left His Den.
The Corsican Ogre Has Landed in the Gulf of Juan.
The Tiger Has Reached Gap.
The Monster Spent Last Night at Grenoble.
The Tyrant Has Passed Through Lyons.
The Usurper Has Been Seen Sixty Leagues from the Capital.
Bonaparte Advances Swiftly But Will Never Enter Paris.
Napoleon Will Be at Our Gate Tomorrow.
The Emperor has Arrived at Fontainebleau.
Yesterday His Imperial Majesty Made his Solemn Entry into the Tuilleries in the Midst of his Faithful Subjects.

THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG

• **THE DECLINE** and fall of what was thought to be the eternal house of Habsburg is described by Emil Lengyel in the "New York Times":

The masters of the monarchy, the Habsburgs, ruled the Danube Valley for nearly seven centuries. They began with a possession measuring sixty miles from west to east. At the height of their success their power extended from the Lower Danube to the Atlantic Ocean.

Through the force of their arms, but more frequently through marriage, the might of Habsburg grew. "While others carry on war, thou, happy Austria, shalt marry—*Tu Felix Austria nube.*"

In 1914 the kingdoms and lands represented in the Council of the empire, unofficially called Austria, and the lands of St. Stephen's crown, officially called Hungary, were ruled by Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, King of Bohemia and of Jerusalem. Now past 80, he was a living link between two epochs. As a young despot he had ruled with an iron hand. As a constitutional monarch he was still distrustful of the political ideas of modern times. . . .

The dynasty ruled with the aid of the Germans of Austria and the Magyars of Hungary. The other nationalities were relegated to the political background. Used to thralldom for centuries, some of them perhaps regarded the Habsburgs as an elementary force of nature. "The House of Austria is eternal," a family slogan said. Who would have dared to think that the Habsburgs' days were numbered?

Poring over state documents, the old Emperor attended to the routine of empire management. He looked as ageless as the house of which he was head. He did not see the cracks in the mighty structure of his realm. Nor did he hear of Adolf Hitler, an ex-bricklayer's helper from Upper Austria, who had recently been in a men's lodging house in Vienna. Of course he could not know that in less than twenty-five years the young laborer would be master of his palace, the Hofburg. Nor did he hear about the young Italian Benito Mussolini, whose fiery speeches about "Unredeemed Italy" had brought him into conflict with the law of Austria.

HOARDING NEWSPAPERS

• **HAVE** you anyone in your home who is addicted to the habit of keeping newspapers for future reference? If so, you may appreciate the comment of Jean in the "New York Sun":

Newspapers get to be a mania with some people. And they aren't all reporters, either. We know a couple of college professors who are worse than any six reporters.

They can't bear to throw out a back paper until they have gone through it with a fine toothed comb and a pair of shears. They always think that there'll be some little tidbit that will come in handy some day. Though, if you've ever noticed these people in action, you'll discover that they usually feel like quoting something they forgot to clip out.

We don't think this would be such an anti-social hobby if newspaper clippers would only keep up to date on their clipping. But they never do. They're always at least a month behind, which means that you can scarcely climb around the living room at all. It looks like a back-number department.

Maybe those who have to live with clippers should just accept it, and try planning their living rooms in a new decor. Why couldn't they use the tops of the newspaper stacks for ash trays and flower vases, and just chuck out all the end tables? It might give quite an individual touch to a room.

U. S. A.—EUROPEAN STYLE

• **WHAT** the United States could be like if divided and armed in the manner of European countries is described by Stuart Chase in "Cosmopolitan":

Suppose the United States were like Europe.

I should be a citizen, let us say, of "Atlantica," a nation in the northeast section which is feverishly building a navy at its capital city of Boston, and an air fleet at Springfield, to defend itself from (also read "attack") your nation of "Piedmont." "Piedmont," lying south of "Atlantica," is feverishly building a navy at Newport News, and an air fleet at Richmond—to return the compliment.

Meanwhile rival bombers, tanks and gas masks are being rushed to completion by the nation at "Laconia" at Detroit, by the country of "Delta," at New Orleans, by the country of "Great Plains" at Oklahoma City, by the country of "Rockiana" at Salt Lake, and by the country of "Pacífico" at Portland. The noisiest artillery, the most resplendent diplomatic corps and the silkier female spy system are found in the nation of "Angelica," down in the southwest corner. . .

We have our problems, but thank God we do not have that problem.

CHINESE STAGE PROPERTIES

• **FU MING TUNG** in the "Digest of the Synodal Commission" reminds his readers that the properties of a Chinese stage may mystify a Western audience as much as the language of the play itself. Just in case you do attend a production from the Far East, here are a few pointers:

When a character wishes to show he is on board a boat, he holds an oar, and walks round the stage paddling the air as if rowing.

When the text requires a scene on a river or ocean, four actors dressed as marine monsters hold or flourish flags painted with waves, and move across the stage with them.

Corpses and dummies are composed of a narrow bench with a hat and dress flung over it.

For serving a dinner, fish and meat are represented by rolling up small banners and putting them in a dish.

A fan is the sign of frivolity and extravagance, but when a fan is held up beside the face it represents walking bareheaded in the sun.

A horse is represented by a whip.

When the text requires a great wind, four black flags are employed. These are held by four actors who rush across the stage to show that there is a storm, and they may appropriately be called "spirits of wind."

CRAFTSMANSHIP, A TALENT

• **THAT** skill in handicrafts is a gift to be envied even by philosophers and literary men, is the contention of A. Lallemant, who writes in "The New Review" of India:

Philosophers and poets often like straying into a farm, but they are no good at farming; they may indulge in hobbies, but their hobbies will have little in common with manual work. We are told Spinoza found relaxation from his great work on Intelligence in polishing spectacle glasses; but polishing is precisely a work that would be repellent to a craftsman, however great

the relief it may afford an intellectual. Its monotony may permit of a rhythm which rocks a philosopher into dreaming of universal harmony; it is repulsive to a worker who wants to create a piece of art. On the other hand, Spinoza may have polished glasses with zest and relish; he would have been unable to repair a clock in an intelligent manner; the attention such repairs demand would have hampered his inner vision.

BAREFOOT BOY

• **THE** 1983 model of the barefoot boy is described by G. B. Walton in the "Saturday Evening Post":

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
Trudging down a dusty lane
With no thought of future pain;
You're our one and only bet
To absorb the national debt.

Little man with cares so few,
We've a lot of faith in you;
Guard each merry whistled tune,
You are apt to need it soon.
Have your fun now while you can;
You may be a barefoot man!

LAWYER SAINT FOOLS ST. PETER

• **ST. YVES** is one of the Breton saints and also the patron of lawyers. The Bretons say "there's not a saint in Brittany like St. Yves." Margaret Yeo, the well-known author, tells an interesting legend about him in an article in "The Month."

One of the most typical of the legends clustering round him is that which tells how he slipped into heaven one day when St. Peter was off duty. On his return the keeper of the keys told Yves to clear out at once, as lawyers were not admitted to heaven. The intruder, however, was more than a match for the heavenly porter and lodged the objection that eviction was illegal unless performed by a sheriff's officer. Not one was to be found in heaven and so the lawyer saint won his case!

LENIN AND RELIGION

• **SOME** of the workings of Lenin's mind regarding religion are revealed in the following. From "Lenin" by Christopher Hollis:

Perhaps as important to Lenin was the establishment in supreme influence over the Imperial family of the absurd and disreputable Rasputin. It would in any event have been an assistance to a revolutionary cause to be able to show that the royal family had submitted itself to such an idiotic and infamous influence. But Rasputin's religious character was a piece of double good fortune for Lenin. For it was in no way to his intention that his revolution should be merely an economic and political one; it was to be above all a religious revolution. Lenin, himself, as a Marxian materialist, hated God because He was God—or, rather, as he would have maintained, because He was not God. It was nothing to him in the forming of his own views whether a particular religious body was extrinsically evil or not

in its activities, for it was intrinsically evil in so far as it was religious. Indeed to his mind good religious were more dangerous than bad as being the more likely to deceive the elect. What he called "priests of moral conviction" formed, in his opinion, "the most subtle and therefore the most especially loathsome kind of clericalism." Lenin would have been with Christ against Caiaphas, but he would have been yet more clamorously with Caiaphas against Christ. Yet, in order to persuade others who lacked the fire of his fanatic faith to join with him in the attack on religion, it was convenient that religion should be bad. The close official alliance between Church and State was a convenience, for the Church could be accused (with justice) of a too great complacency towards the sins of the State.

LAWYERS AS WITNESSES

• **A PUNCH** in the nose is described in legal terminology in "My Day in Court" by Arthur Train in the "Saturday Evening Post":

Lawyers, being cautious as well as meticulous by nature, besides being familiar with the technical rules of evidence, make the worst witnesses in the world. I had an excellent illustration of this while examining a member of the New York bar who was the complainant in an assault committed outside an election booth. It was a plain case, but as he took the stand the defendant's attorney adroitly remarked: "I do not wish to interrupt my learned brother while he is giving his testimony, and I shall not do so, provided he agrees to confine himself to strictly legal evidence."

The witness bowed gravely and began, "I was about to enter the polling booth when somebody bumped into me. I felt the bump, looked to see who was responsible, and saw the defendant standing close by. Of course, I cannot swear positively that he was the one who bumped me, for I did not actually see him do it. He said loudly: 'You idiot, why don't you look where you are going?' I answered: 'Why don't you mind your own business?' He then made use of certain offensive words, only the purport of which I now recall, and at the same time lifted his right arm. I felt a blow upon my nose. I cannot swear that the defendant struck me, for I did not see his fist come in contact with my nose, but I immediately lost my equilibrium and fell backward upon the sidewalk."

The judge discharged the prisoner, on the theory, I feel sure, that any man who talked that way should get punched upon the nose and that the defendant deserved the thanks of the court.

ZEAL WITHOUT PRUDENCE

• **THE** example of the Humanists should be a warning to certain modern writers of the evil of zeal which is not directed by prudence. From "The Reformation in England," by G. Constant:

The Humanists had set the fashion for these bitter criticisms of current abuses. They wanted to reform the Church from within. They intended to rid the Church of dross, not to destroy her; but their efforts overreached their object. Unknowingly, they prepared the way for the great religious revolution of the Sixteenth Century. By ridiculing the scholastic methods they indirectly discredited the Church's teaching. By demanding free criticism of the Scriptures they opened the door to private judgment. Their sarcastic comments upon the exaggerated veneration of relics and images, and upon the abuses connected with pilgrimages and

indulgences, led to the abolition of these practices, while their attacks upon the clergy, who were more or less worthy men, facilitated the overthrow of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. In England, in Thomas More's house (1511), Erasmus wrote his *Laus Stultitiae*, in which monks, priests, popes and scholastic theologians were ridiculed by Folly dressed in her caps and bells. His criticism of indulgences and the veneration of relics and images was harsh and bitter; and the innovators of the Sixteenth Century made good use of it. The *Utopia* of Thomas More, who was to die for the faith, contains strange opinions on religion. John Colet, a friend of More and Erasmus, professor at Oxford and afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, spoke so strongly against the abuses that he was accused of heresy by his bishop. He is depicted by Erasmus in the character of Gratianus Pullus, joking about relics and scandalizing their guardians by his indiscreet questions at Canterbury. The first public school in London was due to him, and it became the pattern for many colleges in which was developed that spirit of free criticism which facilitated the Reformation.

FATE OF THE RUSSIAN REGICIDES

• **"ONLOOKER"** reveals the subsequent careers of the six men who assassinated the Russian Royal Family. The account recalls the Biblical prophecy that they who dig a pit for their neighbor will fall into it themselves:

It is interesting to note what happened to the six men who assassinated the Russian Royal Family just twenty years ago. In a room in their house at Ekaterinburg, the whole family was shot, with no mercy for age or sex. The six assassins were Swerdlhoff, Jurowski, Medwedjeff, Bjoloborodow, Weikoff and Jakowleff. What has happened to them? The C.P. News Agency gives the following details:

Swerdlhoff for a time lived in comfort in a boulevard in Moscow. One day the house was found empty, and since then nothing has been heard of him.

Jurowski lived at Moscow for a while, doing very little work. He suddenly went mad and was taken to a lunatic asylum. Since then there has been complete silence about him.

Medwedjeff was condemned to death and executed by order of the General of the White Army.

Bjoloborodow suffered death at the hands of his political confreres after one of the spectacular trials.

Weikoff, for a time ambassador to Warsaw, was assassinated by a White Russian emigré.

Jakowleff died in a motor accident, which some say was brought about by someone seeking vengeance.

RED OR BLACK?

• **FROM** "The Living Church" comes the following amusing anecdote of confusion in ecclesiastical terms:

Not all howlers come from school boys. A priest in West Virginia writes that a member of the local Presbyterian church informed one of his communicants that their choir was planning to begin wearing the "surplus" and "investments" but that they were undecided whether the "investments" should be red or black. To this the Churchwoman replied without hesitation that as most investments were in the red today she thought that color would be appropriate. The suggestion was evidently adopted, as the choir appeared a few Sundays later in "surplus" and maroon "investments."

BOOKS

A Carrack Sailed Away

by MABEL FARNUM

We like this new treatment of the life of St. Francis Xavier. His was a career which was full of those elements of the dramatic and the adventurous which appeal to every age: there was the contrast between his early days among Spanish grandees and his lonely death at the threshold of the mission field of China; between his spirited youth as a student in Paris and his manhood consumed by one ambition—to win more, and ever more, souls to Jesus Christ. He was a man who could rebuke monarchs; and sit at chess with humble sailors. Like Marco Polo, he visited exotic regions and conversed at length with Eastern potentates. The mere external facts of his life and the qualities of his personality, even from the purely human standpoint, make him a man whose story should be familiar to everyone.

But as in the case of so many of the saints, his picture has been largely stylized. He has not been presented to us clearly enough as a real human being. The older biographies seem prolix and tedious to the modern taste; others are more readable but not sufficiently realistic. Miss Farnum solves the problem by telling the story of St. Francis Xavier in the form of an historical novel. She has not tampered with the substantial facts; she has studied them thoroughly. But here we find them assimilated and reproduced for us—clothed, as it were, in flesh and blood. With the help of little imaginative details she makes this great saint live for us.

And not only St. Francis. His whole background and era become more realistic. It is especially interesting, in view of the recent articles in *THE SIGN* about the Christian revivals in Spain and Portugal, to get a glimpse of the monarchs and peoples of those lands in the older days, when even sinners at least believed; when rulers thought of the interests of the Catholic Faith as an essential element in their policy. The portraits which Miss Farnum draws of King John of Portugal and of Catherine,

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his Queen, are touching and not without humor, and there are many others.

But, above all, the author turns our eyes towards China; as the dying eyes of her hero were turned thither. And here the book becomes more than mere history. It is a reminder of that perpetual adventure which awaits Christ's missionaries, and of those fields where the harvest is still very great. "A carrack sailed away," and this book shows us why; and it helps us realize that Force which still draws such "carracks" to China and the East.

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston. \$2.00.

Foundation Material for Doctrinal Catholic Action

by MOTHER BOLTON

A year or so ago six charming little books were published by the Saint Anthony Guild Press, intended for little children, in preparation for work leading to their First Communion. Illustrated and printed in colors, they were startlingly priced at only ten cents each. Had these books been put into the hands of each Catholic child in the country, and read and studied with the help of teacher or mother, there would have been a considerable increase, not perhaps in memorizing the words of the catechism—that is fairly easy to do and to teach—but in an understanding of what the sentences the child was repeating really meant and what they would mean to him when he grew up.

Now the author of those booklets—Mother Bolton of the Religious of the Cenacle—has written a book which comprises the foundation material from which she made those simple books. It shows that her foundation material is not the simple artless thing that the booklets may make it seem to be. It shows they were built up from the Scriptures

themselves and from Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas, and it shows years of deep study, culminating here in fruitful results of what has been careful patient planting and reaping.

The children and grownups who are taught and who teach from this book are indeed fortunate. Here is something that truly interprets what it is that is meant by that sometimes confusing phrase "Catholic Action," which some seem to think means running about busily engaged in works of mercy. It also implies being quiet and learning the doctrinal truths of the Faith, for Catholic Action of the head is at least as important as Catholic Action of the hand. In fact, the second is dependent on the first almost entirely.

If a child learns its doctrinal teaching from such a book as this, the chances are he will remember what he has learned. And he will do it for a very important reason: because he has understood it. He will not mumble phrases which to him have no connection with the life about him, but he will have been taught to interpret those phrases correctly and to apply them to his life on earth and his life in the next world.

This accomplishment Mother Bolton herself explains better than a mere reviewer can do it. "It is the way," she writes, "to build up leaders. For if minds are moulded just to accept truths without reaction, it may be an easy method of teaching, but it is a deadening process for the learner."

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.50.

The Horse and Buggy Doctor

by ARTHUR E. HERTZLER, M.D.

The Horse and Buggy Doctor is not, the author insists, autobiographical. Rather it is the history of a medical era as lived by one man and told in the first person singular.

We of today take for granted our well-equipped hospitals, splendidly staffed and as efficient as modern science. We forget that even a generation ago medical science was literally in the horse and buggy stage. The horse and buggy doctor had to

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rely mainly on his native ability and acumen. He had to be a man of great ingenuity and a hardy man.

Doctor Hertzler belonged to the generation of transition. He has watched medicine progress from a lowly stage to its present eminence—and he frankly confesses that such progress is not all to the good. His own life is an excellent example of what can be accomplished by an ambitious, hard-working youth. His struggle for an education and his ambition to be a doctor make excellent and edifying reading. But it is the story of his early days as a Kansas practitioner—his long, weary trips via horse and buggy, "kitchen" surgery practiced under primitive and most difficult circumstances, his homely stories about his patients, some tragic, some comic, but all human—these are what make this book a great book, a grippingly interesting book.

Like every human work there are some flaws. The good doctor becomes cynical. His cynicism creeps out in places and the author is conscious of it because he protests that he is not cynical—but the reader feels with Shakespeare that he "doth protest too much." His cynicism is most pronounced when he is discussing lawyers and clergymen—the good doctor's pet aversions. Evidently his early contacts with the clergy were not impressive—and he seems to confuse the clergy with religion and has little time for either.

Two quotations are significant to this reviewer. The doctor writes, "I have studied books on psychology and philosophy at intervals during my entire life but without ever grasping a fundamental idea." Again, "All laws change as people change. . . ." The first quotation clearly marks the basic flaw in the author's career. He had no fundamental ideas—no fundamental philosophy. No wonder some of his ideas incline one to raise eyebrows. True he did develop a philosophy of life—but that is something entirely different. If the author knew fundamental philosophy our second quotation would never have been written.

Apart from these obvious failings, the book is excellent. It is fascinating and one hates to leave it down. Dr. Hertzler's style is easy and interesting. His matter is well presented. The many anecdotes well told add to the charm of the book. *The Horse and Buggy Doctor* well merits the praise heaped upon it by reviewers in the secular press. *The Sign* recommends this stirring tale of an important section of early and contemporary Americana.

Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$2.75.

The King of the Beggars

by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

In 1775 in Darrynane House in Kerry a voice was born which was that of a marvelous rascal who was Lawyer, Patriot and the "Man of the People" whose one central, absorbing enthusiasm was the regeneration of his Ireland. It was the voice of Daniel O'Connell, the "King of the Beggars," he whom Gladstone called the "greatest popular leader of his day" and Balzac "one of the great historical figures of his time because he incarnated in himself a whole people."

"With his tall hat cocked on the side of his curly head, his cloak caught up in his fist, a twinkle in his eye" Daniel O'Connell appeared out of the rocks of Kerry. He relished a brawl. He was an expert in a duel, whether of wit or pistols. He swaggered into the ruins of eighteenth-century Ireland where with the magic of his words and the breadth of his vision and the dogged pertinacity of his courage he enspirited a dispirited people, hypnotized a crushed, dying, grovelling race into fighting for the realization of a dream of freedom which would rend the fetters of thralldom and for the realization of a vision of democracy which would blot out nightmares of rapine, serfdom and slavery under the caprice of a monarchy which bled Ireland to keep quality in its Royal Shirts.

O'Connell, the King, stirred the beggars who were his fellows out of their twilight sleep. He pulled a race out of the bed of its last agony. He smashed penal laws which were entwined about its crippled body and crawled into and smothered its soul. He swaggered defiantly into Parliaments and Courts and came out to breathe fire, life, *elan vital* into the wraith that was Ireland.

But the amazing part of his achievement may be seen in the fact that O'Connell had need to emancipate not merely the body but also the soul of his people. In his people there was no heart, no mind, there was no spirit. There was needed the miracle of the resurrection of the body. There was needed that more startling miracle—the resurrection of soul. The mind and the heart of Ireland adhered to romantic and ancient fantasies and the cheerless comfort of out-dated loyalties. They adhered also in unwilling loyalty to English masters who could alone supply the gourmand's fare of milk and potato to keep alive the sparks of life. With such a spirit the natural destiny of Ireland was her extermination as a distinct people. Like the

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Welsh and the Scots Ireland could only become "picturesque appendages of England." But O'Connell resurrected Ireland's soul. He stirred her heart, informed her mind. He developed the distinctive National Mind of Ireland. O'Connell the King emancipated the bodies of his beggars. He gave them a new soul.

Sean O'Faolain is an artist, and O'Connell with his strength and his weaknesses, his guile, his courage and his color has offered a romantic and awe-inspiring subject for his art. He gives us an O'Connell set into the seething turmoil of eighteenth-century Irish life, body, blood, brain, sinew and soul. With startling candor he gives us the complete O'Connell—his vices and his virtues, his passions and perversities.

The book has punch, realism, authenticity, honesty. It is the first appearance of "The King of the Beggars" within the pages of a biography. It is not likely that further efforts will equal the adequacy and the authenticity of this splendid effort of Sean O'Faolain. In any event it can be said without disguise or reservation that *The King of the Beggars* is recommended with flares and warmth of enthusiasm.

The Viking Press, N. Y. \$3.50.



SUCH RICHES

This month's new books:

THE COLORED LANDS by G. K. Chesterton (216 pages, \$2.50) is the first brand new Chesterton since his *Autobiography*: all hitherto unpublished stories, poems and pictures—Chesterton's most charming and fantastic book—a perfect Christmas gift (but get it in time to enjoy it yourself first). **THE GREAT HERESIES** by Hilaire Belloc (272 pages, \$2.50), for which you will have been looking, because much of it appeared in *The Sign* as *Five Attacks on the Faith*. **THE HUMAN CARAVAN** by Comte du Plessis (288 pages, \$3.00) is a Catholic Outline of History, concerned more with mankind than with dry facts and dates, which has already sold 80,000 copies in France. **A COMPANION TO THE SUMMA** by Walter Farrell, O.P. (459 pages, \$3.50) is a modern presentation of St. Thomas's *Summa Theologica* for the reader without philosophical training; this volume, the first to appear, is subtitled *The Pursuit of Happiness* and covers the part of the *Summa* that deals with ethics. **WHY THE CROSS?** by Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. (336 pages, \$2.50) is on Our Lord's sufferings and our own, and the necessity of both. **THE LIFE OF OUR LORD** by Vincent McNabb, O.P. (210 pages, \$2.00) is novel length, unembroidered, full of learning and insight. **THE SCIENCE OF WORLD REVOLUTION** by Arnold Lunn (288 pages, \$2.50) shows the pattern common to all revolutions of the past and the danger of revolution to come. **AT YOUR EASE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH** by Mary Perkins (160 pages, \$1.50) is the very first book on Catholic "etiquette", an entertaining guide to when and how a Catholic should do this and that. Lastly, we have a new edition of H. Edward Knoblauth's **CORRESPONDENT IN SPAIN** (264 pages, \$2.50), with an added chapter bringing it up to the minute.

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From Many Centuries

by FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S.J.

Father Francis Betten is well known to American students of history. His textbooks are so widely used that there are few who have been or who are students in Catholic high schools or colleges who are not familiar with them. And to more serious students of history he is known as the author of a great many essays on various historical topics regularly appearing in the historical periodicals.

The present book is composed of a selection of nineteen historical essays, most of which have already been printed in some historical magazine such as the *Catholic Historical Review*, the *Historical Bulletin*, and others of which have been separately published. The selection covers a wide range of topics—most of them, however, pertaining to medieval institutions. The collection is divided into two parts: the first part containing fifteen essays on topics ranging from the Acts of the Apostles to Hartmann Grisar, the historian, and the second part containing four essays of greater length dealing with events of the seventh and eighth centuries.

In the first part of the book the most notable, and the longest, chapter is that on Saint Peter Canisius. It is a brief but adequate summary of the life and work of that great reformer who played a part of prime importance in the drama of the Catholic Reformation and did so much to stay the advance of the Protestant revolt and to bring back into the fold of the Church so much territory and so many men and women. In less than eighty pages Father Betten presents the career of the saint: his early life and schooling, his training as a Jesuit, and his long apostolate in Germany.

In the second section most of the essays are longer and they deal with a more restricted range of subjects. The closing chapter is on Saint Boniface and Saint Virgil and deals with Saint Boniface's opinions on the sphericity of the earth and the repetition of baptism and with the question of the identity of Saint Virgil with the opponents of Saint Boniface. The essay is a fine example of a clear presentation of a disputed historical topic in which all secondary sources are left aside and the matter is dealt with only from contemporary records. The conclusions he reaches in this essay are contrary to those that will be found in almost every history dealing with the same persons and events and yet his treatment is so clear and convincing that one is

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amazed that such unfounded errors could become so solidly established.

All of the essays are interesting because all deal with topics that are important in the history of the Church and because they are presented so clearly and in such readable language. The bibliographical references given at the end of most of the chapters will be useful to students who wish to investigate the same topics at greater length.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y. \$1.00.

A Personalist Manifesto

by EMMANUEL MOUNIER

Convinced that we are living at the end of an era in history, and philosophizing about obtaining evils and the means to remedy the same, this young thinker presents a volume which he calls *A Personalist Manifesto*. The author wants to stress the supreme focal importance of the human person. For the present has altogether too much depersonalization of man, reducing him to "a mere cog in a machine, or a microcosmic robot of the macrocosmic robot that is the gigantic industrial Frankenstein of today."

The term "Personalist" is applied by the author "to any doctrine or any civilization that affirms the primacy of the human person over material necessities and over the whole complex of implements man needs for the development of his person." The "Manifesto" or the present book treating of what was discussed during the past four years by those who expressed their views in the pages of *Esprit*, the organ of some French Personalists, has been translated so that it may have a chance to prove a source of fertile thought for students of the present trends of civilization.

There are four parts to the book. The first deals with the modern world as the enemy of the person. The second discusses the various phases of personalism. The third proposes the chief structures of a personalist system. And the fourth part treats of the principles of personalist action.

Mounier argues like a Communist and uses Marxian terminology so plentifully that it will be a surprise if American Catholic readers will finish reading what they might be induced to start. It was no surprise to find in his program of what we are to do about reforming the world according to his ideas, the declaration that "there can be no valid reason for refusing to use violence." The Benedictine translators took the caution of stating in the foreword that they assume responsibility for the

faithful translation of the text and not for the detailed ideas of the Manifesto.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$2.00.

They Have Seen His Star

by Valentine Long, O.F.M.

"They" are a small group of the Church's literary ambassadors. The "Star" is the light of God's countenance, a beckoning beam of guidance to their own steps, and a radiant beauty compelling them to sing His praises to the world.

"Literary ambassador" is Father Valentine's own description of Alfred Noyes. The title applies equally well to the other ten characters whose lives and works are sketched in the present volume—"sketched" is not the correct word, except insofar as it suggests the brevity of the separate treatises; the individual members of the group are presented with a fullness similar to the completeness and distinctness of each facet on a gem. To carry out the figure, we may add that the author has cut his stone with admirable skill and set it fitly on the hand of Mother Church, where alone it can be enlivened by the kindly gleams of the Star.

As a general procedure, the author

gives us a resumé of his subjects' life and works, then an appreciation of their literary artistry. This latter section of the treatise, however, is no staid exercise in didactic. We glimpse the living, sensitive personality of Newman, Coventry Patmore and Alice Meynell, singing each in their own key of the Divine and human love, recapture our hearts. The pitiful, yet withal sublime, character of Francis Thompson, charred and disfigured with life's buffetings, swings the incense of his mystic rhapsodies to the vault of heaven. The Chesterbelloc rides down the foes of Christ with valorous abandon. Alfred Noyes weaves his melodies around his colorful imaginings.

The singular merit of Father Valentine's work, aside from scholarship, is the sympathetic understanding which pervades his writing. We have known the personalities of all these famous authors. Their literature is like a window placed high in a tower. We have looked at the distant casement, and have seen figures moving to and fro. With the record of their thoughts before us, we have felt as though we knew them. Yet there has always been the absence of personal friendship.

Father Valentine helps to bridge the gap. His understanding of his authors comes very close to friendship, and we are grateful for the privilege of sharing it with him.

The final chapter of his book is a literary appraisal of the four Evangelists, whom he introduces with these words: "Judged by their literary efforts, the four greatest converts are without doubt the four Evangelists." The author has here penned some beautiful reflections on the power of the inspired Word. It is a well-devised and fitting conclusion to his excellent book.

Saint Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.50

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Rev. Leo Gregory Fink, Editor and Co-Author, offers this symposium for the instruction and ethical inspiration of nurses. Ethical principles which have obtained for centuries in regard to the physical treatment of suffering and disease are being constantly attacked in our day. Only recently Dr. Bourne, a London physician, was acquitted of the crime of abortion after he had deliberately induced it to save a young girl, who had been wantonly attacked, from danger to her mental health. Artificial birth control, eugenic sterilization and euthanasia are a few of the approaches invented by unethical procedure for the control of disease

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and the selfish benefit of man. They are excellent examples of the use of the immoral principle that the end justifies the means.

Such topics are of great importance to nurses and all who care for the sick. In this volume the many errors which are propagated today and which concern the body of man are exposed and refuted by a distinguished list of contributors. The ethical basis for the Catholic position on such topics as birth control, eugenic sterilization and euthanasia, and the many medico-moral problems which arise in the practice of medicine are clearly established.

The inspirational feature of the book derives chiefly from Father Fink's paper on Florence Nightingale. She is known as the world's most famous nurse and is held up to the nursing profession as its highest ideal. Too little known, however, is her confessed admiration for the Catholic Church and her great indebtedness to it. It seemed at one time as though she would enter the Church, but this happy consummation was never realized. Msgr. Markham's Apostolate to Assist the Dying is another chapter which offers an opportunity to nurses to learn how they can serve the interests of the soul as well as of the body of their patients. This volume is heartily recommended to all those who are engaged in the noble profession of nursing the sick and the dying.

The Paulist Press, New York. \$2.00

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The Mystical Body of Christ In the Modern World

by DENIS FAHEY, S.S.Sp.

This is the second edition of a most important book, the first edition of which appeared in 1935. The present volume has been enlarged by the addition of two chapters, in the first of which the author treats the organization of States and their relation to the Kingship of Christ, and in the second describes what he calls The Struggle of the Jewish Nation against the True Messiah.

The matter treated in this book is very serious and well worth meditating on. It is no less than the struggle which goes on, sometimes openly, but more often in secret, between the ideals held by true Christians on the one side and those espoused by men whose kingdom is only of this world. Fr. Fahey holds that Christ by His revelation established a new order of life, which it is His express will should prevail over all the earth. He is King, whom all men and all States should acknowledge. This order demands the supremacy of the rights of God and the salvation of the immortal souls of men. When temporal concerns attempt to disturb this divine order, conflict results. There will be no order and no peace in this world until the supremacy of God is acknowledged and acted on by nations and individuals.

The attack on the divine plan of society received direction and impetus from the Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century. The principles of this revolt ultimately led to a deification of man himself and the complete rejection of divine plan by large and powerful groups. Rationalism, Naturalism, Masonry, Socialism, Communism may all be traced to the glorification of this human reason. Fr. Fahey's study attempts to show the nature and the extent of this attack.

He holds that the two most influential forces which fight against the divine plan are International Jewry and Freemasonry. The leaders of Jewry look not for the advent of a personal Messiah but for the eventual supremacy of the Jewish race. Freemasonry is international Jewry's most powerful ally. Working in secret and possessed of immense influence, these two forces exert almost despotic control of all the avenues which can shape public opinion.

One realizes before reading very far that this is no ordinary book. It becomes clear that there is a battle going on which is not noticed in the newspapers. It is a battle between ultimates—between the world and

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Christ. The reader may question many of the charges which the author makes but it is quite another thing to question the testimony of Popes Leo XIII and Pius IX, both of whom designated Freemasonry as one of the most powerful agencies of Satan for the overthrow of the Church and of the Divine Plan of society.

Browne & Nolan, Dublin. \$3.00

Our Chameleon Comrades

by DAN GILBERT

Dan Gilbert in his new book directs his attention towards Communists. He selects Earl Browder as one through whom an observer can learn the real truth about the Party. Mr. Browder is the paid General Secretary of the American Section of the Communist International and he was the Presidential Candidate of the Communist Party in 1936.

Those who are acquainted with the author's power of destructive criticism need not be informed as to the procedure in his present work. From his own words and his own tactics Comrade Browder is seen to be what Mr. Gilbert terms "yellow." Because

he is afraid, Earl Browder has definitely denied the fundamental tenets of Communism as taught by Marx and Engels—tenets that prescribe violence and revolution. He has denied these tenets because he has seen that the same fury which Communists would launch against others has in some quarters been launched against themselves. Comrade Browder fears such a reversal in this country, so he now proclaims that Communists do not favor revolution but peace, that Communists are not intent upon overthrowing Democracy but upon preserving it and making it safe!

Of course Mr. Gilbert doesn't try to tell us that Browder and his satellites are sincere, or that they are acting without instructions from the High Command. He makes it quite clear that the assertions that are now being made by Communists and the tactics now being used by them have the approval of Moscow and are out-and-out deception. The reader of *Our Chameleon Comrades* will be reminded that the deception is succeeding too well and he will be given new reasons to beware, as well as to consider a Party with treacherous and deceitful leaders one that

merits the strong condemnation and opposition of all honest men.

*The Danielle Publishers, San Diego, Calif.
Paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.00.*

Canticle of Love

Autobiography of Marie Sainte-Cecile De Rome, R.J.M.

Anyone who has enjoyed reading the autobiography of the Little Flower of Jesus, St. Thérèse, will also enjoy and appreciate—and perhaps even more—this autobiography of Dina Belanger of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary.

It was not written for publication, but simply and solely under obedience to her Superior (who evidently knew the beauty of her soul and her capabilities). It is sincere, powerful, touching and convincing. It is not art, but it is the pure outpouring of an intensely artistic soul. It is not polished and refined, but it is the handiwork of a most refined nature. These are the written remarks of a soul in intimate communion with God: the purest form of literature, a form that many have tried but in which few in modern days have shone.

No reader will fail to be charmed and edified, not only by the deep

spirituality, sincerity and eloquence, but at times even by the sublimity of language and thought. It is so simple that even a child can read it and enjoy it and profit by it; yet the greatest mystic will not be able to fathom its depth.

Anyone who will but read leisurely the *Canticle of Love* must admit that these pages breathe faith and divine love in every line, and manifest the ever-increasing action of Our Lord in the soul of this hidden treasure of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary.

The book is neatly bound in good, heavy paper. We earnestly recommend it to all.

*Convent of Jesus and Mary,
Sillery, P.Q., Canada. \$1.50.*

The Church: Its Divine Authority

by LUDWIG KOESTERS, S.J.

Translated by Edwin G. Kaiser, C.P.P.S.

In the October issue of a clergy review, an outstanding Churchman calls attention to the present superior output of German Catholic publishers. This tide of religious publication has to do especially with the

It's Not Too Early for a Christmas Reminder

★ Last year hundreds of people subscribed to THE SIGN as a Christmas gift for their friends. Renewals of these are due in November. We are sure that such renewals will be as welcome as the original subscriptions. Many readers also took advantage of the special offer of three one-year subscriptions for \$5.00. ★

It will save you planning during the pre-Christmas season and will help us in ordering our December issue, if you will let us know now how many gift subscriptions you wish. A gift card in your name will accompany each subscription.

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claims and competence of the Catholic Church. His observation is so timely as to merit quotation. "It is really surprising that at a time when dark clouds are hanging over the German Church, publishers do not hesitate to bring out substantial and voluminous works on religion. It is equally surprising that these publications go through many and large editions. The fact that they are among the best books published in any language does not alone account for their success; it is rather the fact that these recent publications, although so written as to be standard works for years to come, nevertheless reflect present religious situations and urgent needs. There is a special emphasis on fundamental dogmas, and the new paganism brings belief in the divinity of Christ and His Church to the front."

The Herder Book Company has had the good judgment to publish, in our own tongue, a translation of *The Church: Its Divine Authority*. The translation is worthy of the original. The original deserves unstinted commendation as a representative piece of work on the Church as intended and endorsed by Christ.

Too voluminous and thorough for a hurried reader, this book will be a delight to the studious Catholic or non-Catholic. Format and generous bibliography are the finishing touches that round out a most up-to-date and lasting volume. Even the well-educated reader will be the better educated for having read this unusual book. We enthuse over it, mainly because it deepens enthusiasm for the Church and her Founder.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$3.00.

The Book of Original Plays And How to Give Them

by HORACE J. GARDNER and BONNEVIERE ARNAUD

A book of plays does not ordinarily cause much excitement in literary circles or turn out to be a best seller. For the most part, new plays are read only by the critics, directors, and those interested in drama. Even so, it is stimulating to come across

a work which in its format and contents is delightfully interesting. Such is the *Book of Original Plays*. The authors have succeeded in presenting some very tempting try-outs for amateur directors.

The book is unique in that it contains plays for actors in every strata of the profession, from the kindergarten age to the mature performer. It has been "planned and written for groups of all ages for use in church, school, and affiliated religious and educational organizations." Hence it should have a wide appeal for all amateur theatrical groups who will find here a variety of well-written, substantial pieces for presentation on the stage. It is of particular importance for those groups that are financially burdened to know that these plays may be given without any royalty charge. The work is prefaced by a necessarily short, but adequate exposition of play direction, business, and the general lay-out for the presentation of plays. It is highly recommended to those who are interested in the giving of amateur plays.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila. \$2.50.

Imperial Japan

by A. MORGAN YOUNG

Only an intimate, extended contact with personages and trends of the last twelve years in the Island Empire could have made possible this detailed history of the period covered. Though a continuation of the record begun in the author's previous work, *Japan in Recent Times*, the present volume is complete both in its importance and timeliness.

As a necessary prelude a picture is drawn of the changed conditions in China and Japan after the World War. Not slow to take their part in the diplomatic councils of the nations, the Nipponese began an era of development whose limits, apparently, have not yet been defined. The successful experiment of "expansion" began with what is now known as Manchukuo. With this and the taking over of other provinces and "spheres of influence" we are familiar from news reports.

What have not been told previously are the economic, political and national struggles, the intrigues and differences. Boycotts and incidents, elections and often-condoned political assassinations, the military power's ascendancy over the civil: these are material from which the author has pieced together his detailed picture of Japan.

The record, of course, has much to

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say of China since a great many of the scenes are enacted there. Tsang Tso Lin, powerful general of the North, ambitious Tanaka, the conciliatory Shidehara, patriotic Ma Cha Shan, scurrying police officials, industrialists, bankers, shifting cabinets—all appear as necessary characters for the understanding of the Empire's growth. The author points to the link between the Manchurian adventure and the two large-scale "affairs" at Shanghai. He notes the Japanese technique of dealing with home troubles and with diplomatic issues. While the League of Nations debated and the countries of the world wrestled with their own domestic problems, the penetration of China continued.

In view of the prolonged non-declared war which now ravages China, one of Mr. Young's observations is of particular interest. He states that on Christmas Day, 1932, the Japanese War Office in a communiqué demanded the liquidation of the Chinese Kuomintang. To what lengths the execution of that plan is being carried is evident from the war news from China.

No guess is hazarded as to the future of Imperial Japan. The reader, however, gathers the impression that the spectacle of a people closely knit in thought and action—so often presented to the world—is not a picture based on facts. Whatever the future may bring to the Japanese or to whatever future they are now directing themselves will be better understood by the reading of this chronicle by Mr. Young.

Wm. Morrow & Co., Inc., N. Y. \$3.00.

Sky Roaming Above Two Continents

by HARRY A. FRANCK

Everybody loves to travel, but comparatively few persons can afford to do so. Very many must content themselves with feasting their eyes on the faultless photographs contained in the persuasive booklets of the various steamship lines and railroad agencies. There is, however, a far better substitute—a good travel-book, coupled with at least a fairly resourceful imagination and a cozy corner with a nice comfortable chair.

Sky Roaming Above Two Continents is such a travel-book. This attractive volume contains the shrewd observations and accurate descriptions of Harry A. Franck, penned as he traveled by plane, bus, donkey and horseback over and through the many countries and islands bordering or lying in the Caribbean. The author's itinerary includes Mexico, Guatemala, Salva-

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dor, Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, and all the important islands of the Caribbean. Despite the tremendous mileage, despite the fifty-six landings and the twenty-seven stopovers, the writer informs us that he was gone but sixty-nine days. What a great tribute to the speed and safety of modern transportation.

The Rambler and the student of topography will find three hundred and sixty-two pages of both entertaining and instructive reading. Ninety excellent photographs taken by Mr. Franck provide an admirable supplement to the narrative and an additional proof of his versatility. This sky roamer weaves about his narrative not only much history of the past, but striking comments apropos of present day progress and problems. His chapters on Venezuela and the American Virgin Islands make delightful reading because of this happy blending of past history and current events.

It is somewhat difficult to write a book of this nature and resist the temptation to spout off a bit of arm-chair philosophy or extremely amateur theology. The following quotation makes it abundantly clear that Mr. Franck did not resist that temptation. "A few miles outside the capital stands the most pilgrim-visited church in Honduras. A type-

written certificate of a miracle performed by the Virgin enthroned there, adorned with an up-to-date photograph of the lucky attestant in his bed, typifies the halfway stage of civilization in Honduras to-day." Apparently just the thought of miracles irks the author. In another place the sacerdotal functions of a Mexican padre are saucily described as "his goings-on."

It is regrettable that remarks such as these find a place in such an enjoyable narrative. Because intelligent Catholics will justly resent such slurs and flippancy, it is utterly impossible to give this book an unqualified approval.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y. \$3.50.

SHORTER NOTES

BIOLOGY FOR HIGH SCHOOLS, by BRO. H. CHARLES, F.S.C., Ph.D. (St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn., \$1.25) is an elementary text for beginners in Biology. The chief aim of the author is to present a text on Biology which treats the subject from the Catholic viewpoint.

In the chapter on Preliminary Ideas, the author's brief treatment of God and His relations with His creatures lays a beautiful foundation for developing a true appreciation of science in everyday life.

While the book is unpretentious in format it is clearly and logically arranged. The need of such a text (in our secondary schools today) cannot be over-emphasized.

Miss Rosalie Marie Levy, a convert from Judaism, has brought out the second series of **HEART TALKS WITH MARY** (Box 158, Sta. O, New York, N. Y., blue suede leather, \$1.10, cloth 80c, postpaid), which consists of pious poems and prayers. Also a pamphlet containing devotions for

THE HOLY HOUR FOR THE CONVERSION OF ISRAEL (10 cents, postpaid).

THE PORTIUNCULA INDULGENCE (Joseph W. Wagner, Inc., New York, \$1.25 paper; \$2.00 cloth) is the latest number of *Franciscan Studies*. The author, Rev. Raphael M. Huber, O. M. Conv., S. T. D., furnishes an excellent historical study of this famous indulgence from the pontificate of Honorius III to that of Pius XI. It should be of special interest to the specialist in Church History. The author's conclusion is that despite the uncertainties which are involved, the Portiuncula Indulgence is so well established by tradition that it would be rash and illogical to question it.

SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS FOR SISTERS, by REV. CHARLES MULLALY, S.J. (Apostleship of Prayer, N. Y., \$35).

So well received was his first volume—over 57,000 copies have been sold—that the author has followed with another, written in the same attractive manner. Simple, common-sense spirituality is offered in a way which will draw souls to the practice of virtue. It is safe to predict that this volume will achieve the same success as its predecessor.

THE INDEX

of the 17th volume of **THE SIGN**—August, 1937 to July, 1938—is now available at ten cents per copy.

This detailed index lists all the books reviewed in **THE SIGN** during that year.

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THIS Confraternity for lay people was instituted by St. Paul of the Cross back in 1770. Pope Pius IX, of blessed memory, on September 22, 1861, granted to the Most Rev. Father General of the Passionists the privilege of erecting the Confraternity of the Passion throughout the world. It remained for Pope Benedict XV, who had a singular devotion to St. Paul of the Cross, to raise the Confraternity to the dignity of an Archconfraternity, and to approve a new Summary of Indulgences for the members. This he did on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the saintly founder's canonization, February 16, 1918. And the blessing of the Crucified is evidently on the work, for it is as alive today and even more flourishing than it was in the days of Paul of the Cross himself, and proves to be a providential means of vitalizing Catholic Action.

During the summer months, the General of the Passionists, the sixteenth successor of St. Paul of the Cross, who resides at the Monastery of SS. John and Paul, Rome, Italy, visited the American Provinces and presided at the Provincial Chapters. During his stay at St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, N. J., the headquarters of the Archconfraternity of the Passion in America, he wrote the following words for publication:

"With great pleasure and consolation have we learned of the development of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion founded in this Retreat of St. Michael, on Passion Sunday, April 16, 1918, and the good that the Archconfraternity has accomplished among the people of the United States of America by spreading devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and by leading so many to live according to the ideals of the truly Christian life.

"While expressing our pleasure at the good that has been accomplished here in the United States of America, we beseech Our Divine Saviour to bless, together with the Director General, all the members of the Archconfraternity. It is our fond wish and desire that they will daily increase in number, and by means of their lives and their good example be true co-operators with the Passionist Missionaries in following out the noble program of Catholic Action so highly recommended by Our Holy Father, Pius XI."

July 9, 1938

FR. TITUS, C.P.
SUPERIOR GENERAL

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE

Sign, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

Masses Said	24
Masses Heard	10,553
Holy Communions	5,921
Visits to B. Sacrament	16,759
Spiritual Communions	22,026
Benediction Services	3,019
Sacrifices, Sufferings	24,739
Stations of the Cross	4,537
Visits to the Crucifix	8,859
Beads of the Five Wounds	2,632
Offerings of PP. Blood	52,147
Visits to Our Lady	9,876
Rosaries	11,912
Beads of the Seven Dolors	2,439
Ejaculatory Prayers	831,323
Hours of Study, Reading	31,717
Hours of Labor	21,215
Acts of Kindness, Charity	10,890
Acts of Zeal	25,087
Prayers, Devotions	225,062
Hours of Silence	9,070
Various Works	31,683
Holy Hours	49

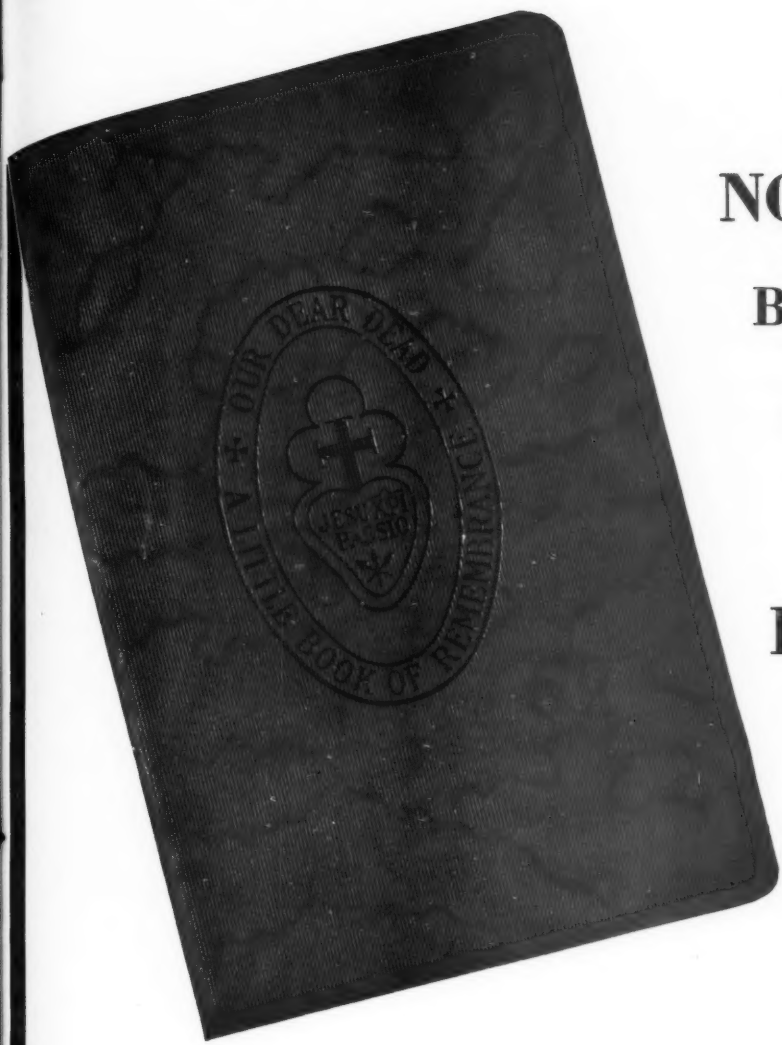
Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



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